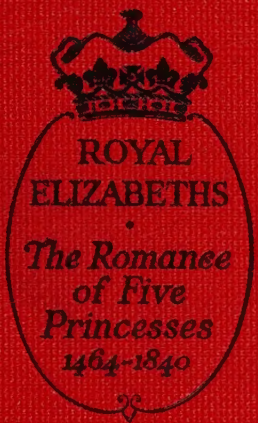

ROYAL ELIZABETHS

The Romance of Five Princesses 1464-1840

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QUEEN ELIZABETH WHEN PRINCESS, AGE 13–15.

From a picture at Windsor. By gracious permission of His Majesty the King.

[*Frontispiece.*

ROYAL ELIZABETHS

THE ROMANCE OF FIVE PRINCESSES

1464—1840

BY E. THORNTON COOK

AUTHOR OF "HER MAJESTY: THE ROMANCE OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND" AND "THEIR MAJESTIES OF SCOTLAND"

LONDON

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.

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TO

PRINCESS ELIZABETH

WITH THE HOPE THAT IN YEARS TO COME HER ROYAL HIGHNESS WILL FIND PLEASURE IN READING THE ROMANTIC STORIES OF THE FIVE PRECEDING PRINCESSES ELIZABETH WHO HAVE LEFT FOOTPRINTS IN THE SANDS OF TIME

"The roots of the present lie deep in the past."

INTRODUCTION

FIVE Elizabeths of the past are here represented and come hoping for a welcome from all who are young in spirit. They are ancestors of the present Princess Elizabeth, who, in her babyhood, has slipped into the hearts of the people and caught the imagination of the world.

There have been other Elizabeths in history, but they have flitted away into the shadows of the years, leaving little trace behind them.

E. T. C.

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From a picture by Gainsborough at Windsor. By gracious permission of His Majesty the King.

CHAPTER I

"BUT YOU SHALL BE QUEEN AND WEAR THE CROWN!"

1465–1503

ELIZABETH OF YORK

Born	February 11, 1465
Married	January 18, 1486
Crowned	November 25, 1487
Died	February 11, 1503

Descent

Edward III *m.* Philippa of Hainault

Lionel (2nd son) *m.* Elizabeth de Burgh

Philippa *m.* Edmund Mortimer, 1st Earl of March

Roger Mortimer *m.* Eleanor, *d.* of Thomas Holland, Earl of Kent

Anne Mortimer (and others) . . . *m.* Richard of Conisburgh, Earl of Cambridge

Edmund (5th son) Earl of Cambridge and Duke of York, *m.* Isabel of Castile

John of Gaunt (4th son) created Duke of Lancaster by virtue of 1st wife; *m.* 3rdly Catherine, *d.* of Sir H. Swynford

John Beaufort I (and others) *m.* Margaret, *d.* of the Earl of Kent

John Beaufort II (and others), *m.* Margaret, *d.* of Sir John Beauchamp

Margaret Beaufort *m.* Edmund Tudor, Earl of Richmond and Duke of Lancaster

Richard Plantagenet Duke of York (and another) *m.* Cecille Neville, *d.* of the Earl of Westmorland

Edward IV (and others) *m.* Elizabeth Woodville

Henry VII . . . married . . . Elizabeth of York

(The marriage of Elizabeth and Henry thus brought about the fusion of the Houses of York and Lancaster.)

CHAPTER I

"BUT YOU SHALL BE QUEEN AND WEAR THE CROWN!"

By accident of birth Elizabeth Plantagenet obtained a gorgeous baptism. Her father, Edward IV, was eager for an heir, so gave ready belief to the doctors and "wise men" who assured him that the child, whose birth was awaited with impatience, would be a son, and arrangements were made accordingly. Therefore the King was royally wrathful when a trembling attendant was forced to admit that, by some unaccountable error, a princess had arrived instead of the expected prince; but it was too late to change the agreed ceremonial.

Elizabeth was born at the Palace of Westminster on the 11th of February 1464/5 and was christened and named after her mother on the following Wednesday, the Earl of Warwick officiating as godfather, and her two grandmothers, Cicely Duchess of York (mother of the King) and Jacqueline Duchess of Bedford (mother of the Queen), as godmothers.

The early years of the babyhood of this blue-eyed, golden-haired little Princess were spent at Shene, where she played happily, unconscious of her father's difficulties and the uncertainty of his tenure of the throne.

As the King's eldest daughter, Elizabeth had a certain importance, at least until her brothers were born, but, as no woman had reigned over England as yet, few saw her in a possible sovereign, so her value was purely matrimonial. By offering her to George Neville, Duke of Bedford, son of the Earl of Northumberland (later the Marquis of Montague), Edward tried to secure a doubtful adherent; the two were officially betrothed until the Marquis fell from power, when the son was deprived of his honours on the simple ground that he had not the wherewithal to support them.

It was rumoured that at one time the King had tried to appease Margaret of Anjou by offering his daughter to her son, the Prince of Wales, and again that she was the bribe by which Henry Tudor, Earl of Richmond, was to be attracted; but Margaret of Anjou would listen to no compromise and Henry refused to be drawn into the spider's web.

Unconscious of such manœuvrings, and too young to be aware of her lost importance

[*British Museum.*

[*British Museum.*

ELIZABETH OF YORK.

inasmuch as she now had a brother, Elizabeth appeared at Court, aged six, to dance a stately measure with her father and her aunt's husband, the Duke of Buckingham, during the Christmas festivities, into which all flung themselves with enthusiasm now that the battles of Barnet and Tewkesbury had been fought, and the Lancastrian power was broken.

She was present when her four-year-old brother Richard Duke of York was married to the small daughter of the Duke of Norfolk with gorgeous ceremonial.

The Queen led her little son to the altar, two earls escorted the wondering bride to be "given away" by the King, and the other children walked in a stately procession.

The heroine of the occasion, known as "The Princess of the Feast," sat at the head of the table despite her tender years, and distributed largesse when the heralds called her titles and the guests drank a health to the bridal couple. But in pity for her babyhood Elizabeth was allowed to assist her small sister-in-law to distribute the prizes won at the subsequent tournament. Perhaps it was as well that those present could not look forward, for the baby bride was to die in childhood, while the gallant

little Duke met his fate with his brother in the Tower.

The future of the Princesses must have weighed on Edward's mind, for when he made his will preparatory to going to fight in France he made special mention of two of them. Elizabeth was to have "XM marc̃ towards her marriage," and Mary the same, "both to be ruled in their marriages by our dearest wife the Queune, and by our son the Prince, if God permits him to come to years of discretion." The King stipulated, however, that if either of his daughters ventured into matrimony without the necessary consent, they were to be "forfeit of their marc̃," which were then to be applied "for the payment of our own debts."

But with Edward's triumphs in France his ambition for his daughters flared up and he decreed that they should be queens. So "The promisse of matrimonie between the Dauphin Charles and the Lady Elizabeth was signed in the citie of Amyas," and much against his will the King of France accepted Elizabeth as a prospective daughter-in-law. The Duchy of Guienne was assigned to her as a dower, and Louis agreed to pay yearly tribute to England until Elizabeth should be delivered to him when twelve years of

age. She now took the title of the Dauphine of France.

A move was made, too, to establish Elizabeth's younger sister Cicely, a child of four or five, and she was betrothed to the King of Scotland's eldest son.[1]

Both children wore their honours for some years, and Elizabeth had celebrated not only her twelfth birthday but her sixteenth before Edward, who had hitherto hesitated to risk losing the annual income sent to her from France, decided to compel Louis to fulfil the contract and marry the Dauphin to her —whereupon the King of France suddenly wedded his son to a Burgundian princess, so jilting Elizabeth. Cicely's affairs miscarried about the same time.

Edward was furious at the insult to his daughter and began warlike preparations, but before these could be carried into effect he died, leaving enemies on every side both at home and abroad.

The Queen realised her dangerous position, but a Council derided her fears. She waited uncertainly until news reached her that her brother had been arrested and her elder son seized by those she most dreaded. Although it was midnight she aroused her children and carried them off to sanctuary in Westminster;

[1] See *Their Majesties of Scotland*, by E. Thornton Cook.

it was the second time in Elizabeth's life that she had been driven to seek such a refuge.

In her desperate fear the Queen had waited for nothing, so next day there was "great commotion" as retainers brought in her "stuffes, chestes, coffers, packets and fardelles, all on menes backes. And some were going, some coming, some discharging and some were off for more."

Amid all the turmoil sat the Queen, her five frightened daughters, and her little son, Richard Duke of York, refusing to be comforted even when the Archbishop came "to trust the matter was nothing so sore as he believed." But next day the worst forebodings seemed justified, for the Thames was full of boats loaded with the Duke of Gloucester's servants under orders to see that no unauthorised person gained admission to the Abbot's house.

But news filtered in. Presently the refugees learnt that the boy-King was being brought to London for his crowning and that the coronation was to take place on the 4th of May. Hope strengthened, then wavered, for there came a sinister report that the Duke of Gloucester had been declared Protector "inasmuch as he treated the King with such open reverence that none

could be better." The coronation was postponed until June.

The little group in sanctuary guessed, if they did not know, that those without were plotting to gain possession of the King's younger brother.

A deputation was appointed to demand the Duke, and well instructed by Richard: "... If she (the Queen) be so perverse and obstinate, and so set upon her own will that no wise and favourable council can move her," then the Duke was to be brought away by the King's authority. When they had him, promised Richard, "He shall be so well and honourably treated that all the world shall, to our honour and her reproach, perseive that it was only malice, forwardness and folly that caused her to keep him from us."

Elizabeth saw her brother taken from her mother's arms.

Bad news reached the sanctuary. It was said that both the little Princes were being held as prisoners in the Tower, and the Queen looked at her daughters in terror. Would a blow be struck at them too? The axe was not slow to fall.

During the lifetime of Edward IV the Duchess of Bedford had been charged with intriguing "to fix the King's love upon her

daughter by means of witchcraft and the black art." The old canard was now revived and presently the Princesses in sanctuary heard that they had lost their birthright, it having been decreed that "since the marriage between the late King and Elizabeth Woodville (or Grey) had been brought about by sorcery and witchcraft it was evident that the two had lived together without the love of God, and that, therefore, their children, born through the agency of sorcery, the union being unlawful, were unable to claim inheritance by the law and custom of England."

Hard on this came worse news. Richard, as "the defender of law and religion," had usurped the crown. His coronation took place in July.

Where was Edward V the little King? Where was his brother the Duke of York?

Presently a sinister rumour was whispered about the country, no man knowing who had first uttered it:

"... and it was reported that King Edward's children were all dead but by what kind of violent death was unknown."

Whether this was true so far as the little brothers were concerned those in sanctuary had no means of discovering.

Then in the darkest hour came a gleam of

hope. Richard was touring the northern part of his kingdom and in the south a group of loyalists dared to act. Some few of the handful believed that Edward V was alive and hoped to set him on the throne; others urged that at least the late King's daughters should be rescued from Richard's dangerous grasp and sent overseas to safety; the leaders suggested that a marriage should be arranged between Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the House of York, and that last hope of the Lancastrians, Henry Tudor, Earl of Richmond, so bringing about a union of forces.

Henry's mother was approached and fell into the plot, lending her physician to act as go-between, for he, as a doctor, had access to the Abbot's house.

"The Queen's spirits leapt and her harte leaped for joy in her body," when the first message was delivered, and Elizabeth was as eager as her mother. Surely freedom was in sight!

Couriers were sent off with letters to Henry bidding him prepare to come—to rescue and marry the Princess of the blue eyes and pale golden hair—and the Duke of Buckingham organised a rising on behalf of his nieces.

Meanwhile suspicion of Richard grew

stronger, carefully fanned by Buckingham, and though no one dared to accuse him openly of having murdered his nephews, a ballad seemed on everyone's lips. It concerned two children (though for safety's sake one was said to be a girl) who had fallen into the hands of a wicked uncle :

> " Whom wealth and riches did surround,
> A man of high estate."

The tale told how the mother,

> " With lippes as cold as any stone,
> She kist her children small,
> ' God blesse you both, my children deare ! '
> . . . With that the teares did fall.
> . . . . . .
> " These speeches then the brother spake,
> . . . . . .
> " ' The keeping of your little ones,
> Sweet sister, do not feare.
> God never prosper me or mine—
> Nor aught else that I have—
> If I do wrong your children deare.' "

And so :

> " The children home he takes,
> And brings them straite into his house,
> Where much of them he makes.
> . . . . . .
> " But he had not kept these pretty babes,
> A twelve month and a daye,
> When for their wealth he did devise,
> To make them both away !
>
> " He bargained with two ruffians strong,
> Which were of furious mood,
> That they should take these children young,
> And slay them in a wood."

The children went off with the villains, told that they should "ride-a-cock-horse," but their pretty speeches softened the "murder hartes."

> "And they that undertooke the deed,
> Full sore did now relent.
> Yet one of them, more hard of harte,
> Did vow to do his charge
> Because the wretch that hired him
> Had paid him very large."

According to the widely repeated tale the ruffians fought and the villain of milder mood killed his companion, whereupon the survivor took the children into a wood and deliberately lost them.

> "These pretty babes with hand in hand,
> Went wandering up and downe. . .
> Till worn out and exhausted they sat them down and cryed.
> . . . . .
> "Thus wandered the poor innocents,
> Till death did end their grief.
> . . . . .
> "No burial the pretty pair of any man receive
> Till Robin Redbreast, piously, did cover them with leaves!"

Perhaps Richard heard the song and guessed its hidden meaning, but by the time he returned the conspiracy was in being.

The King acted promptly. Buckingham was seized and beheaded, and the Earl of Richmond was attainted of high treason. His mother's property was confiscated, and

worse would have befallen her had it not been for the loyal service that had been rendered to Richard by her third husband, Lord Stanley.

Richard realised that there was no safety for him while any of his brother's brood remained beyond his grasp, so he went insidiously to work. A few months later he had Elizabeth and her sisters at Court under the official protection of Queen Anne. Their mother was provided with an income, and the King swore that he would see her daughters married and "would charge their husbands to treat them as his relations under pain of his displeasure." This was a concession, since the stigma of illegitimacy still lay upon them.

Elizabeth danced at Court in gay apparel, while the Queen's health steadily failed; people murmured that Richard was planning to make his niece her successor.

Some said that, despite the part Richard had played in connection with the mysterious disappearance of Elizabeth's brothers, she loved him, and that he loved her too well. Others decried the tale that he meant to marry her, remembering that the union of Edward IV and Elizabeth Woodville had been declared invalid.

Meanwhile the conspiracy in which Henry

Tudor and Elizabeth of York were the central figures was advancing.

Once again the story is told in ballad form, written by the secretary of the man to whom it is alleged Elizabeth turned for help:

> "Oh, Father Stanley, to you I call,
> . . . . .
> Help, good Father Stanley, while you have space!"

Her appeal was made "for the love of God and mild Mary," but Lord Stanley gave no favourable attention to the unhappy Princess and warned her of the danger of making any move against Richard. If he discovered her actions she would most assuredly be cast

> "... into prison deep!
> *Then* you had cause to wail and weep
> And lift your hands with heavy chear!"

But Elizabeth showed persistence and vowed that she was obeying her own father's injunctions in applying to Richmond's step-father for help. It seemed that on one occasion when she had gone to him for his blessing she found him strongly agitated over something he had just read, and he had bade her listen to his words with care since some day they might "a-pleasure her." Ultimately the book was given to her with

instructions to show it to none but Lord Stanley, and to him only in her hour of need. Opening the book she read aloud the lines her father had taken to apply to himself and his daughter :

" For there shall never be son of my body be gotten,
That shall be crowned after me.
But you shall be Queen and wear the crown,
So doth express the prophecye."

" Such words be vain glory," answered Lord Stanley uneasily, and almost in despair Elizabeth played her last card. She told him that she stood in personal danger from Richard, who was trying to win her by trickery, and that rather than be his she would submit to " be drawn by wild horses five through every street in the citie ! "

" Oh, good Father Stanley, some pitty take,
On the Earle of Richmond and me ! "

So wailed Elizabeth, and pressed the point that in days gone by Stanley had " promised her father deare to be both true and just :

" Yet now you stand in a disweare—
O Jesu Christ, who may man trust ! "

Lord Stanley answered stubbornly. He was Richard's man now and it was to Richard that he must be loyal.

Elizabeth fainted at his feet. When she

regained consciousness she prayed that her soul might go to heaven :

> " For my body in Tem'ms dro'wn'd shall be.
> My bones upon the sands must lye,
> And the fishes shall feed their full on me ! "

This ghastly foreboding was too much for Lord Stanley; Elizabeth had conquered. But now fresh difficulties arose, for the noble lord could not write and he hesitated to trust details of a conspiracy to a hired scribe. Eagerly enough Elizabeth assured him that she could use the pen and would have her writing materials in readiness that very night.

He came. She opened the wicket and let him in.

> " Oh welcome, Lord and Knight so free ! "

He dictated. She knelt at his side taking down his words, and in every letter Lord Stanley inserted some trivial detail known only to himself and the man for whom the letter was intended, so that there could be no doubt of its authenticity.

The letters were dispatched and the nineteen-year-old Princess waited in a fever of impatience, playing her dangerous game at Court ; louder and louder grew the murmuring of the people. Some whispered that Elizabeth herself had approached the Duke

of Norfolk, urging him to hurry on her marriage with the King, who was "her only joy." When the Queen died it was said that she had been poisoned by Richard in order that the way might be opened to Elizabeth, but at this popular opinion grew so strong that Richard was driven to make a proclamation, "in a loud voice," to the Mayor and citizens of London, in which he vowed that the idea of such a marriage had never entered his head. And, by royal command, the citizens of York were bidden "to give no credence to such false rumours and to punish the authors of such unwarrantable slanders."

After what seemed inexplicable delay a message reached Elizabeth from Henry. He would come and she should be his Queen.

Richmond landed and Richard sent Elizabeth to Yorkshire for safe-keeping. Preparations for battle were made by both sides and neither despised propaganda. Richard harangued his forces, showing how slight was the claim of this "Welsh milksop" to the throne, warned the people that Henry intended "to resign all right title and claim the Kings of England had and might have to the crown and realm of France," and denounced his adherents as rebels and traitors.

Henry proclaimed Richard "a homicide and murderer of his own blood," a man whose followers "were driven on by fear, not led by love," and urged his own men to fight without fear, when he "trusted that the battle would not be so sour as the profit sweet. Victory went not to the multitude but to the courageous of harte and the valiantnesse of mindes." As for himself, he would rather be "dead carrion upon the cold ground than a prisoner on a carpet in a lady's chamber."

So came the Battle of Bosworth Field on "the xxii of August 1485."

"The army trumpets blew and the soldiers shouted and the King's archers courageously let fly their arrows . . . the armies joined and came hand to hand with great strokes. . . .

"Richard put spurs to his horse and like a hungry lion raced, spear in rest, towards his rival. . . ."

Richard's death settled the fortune of the day. Henry was crowned "amid the shouts of the army," and rode into Leicester in triumph.

When the first excitement died down people thought of Elizabeth under restraint in Yorkshire and "a noble company was sent to fetch her to her lady-mother."

Parliament sat and repealed the Act which had annulled the marriage of Edward IV, then settled the succession of the crown on Henry VII. He was unwilling to accept the dignity as coming to him through Elizabeth, so proclaimed it his "as well by just hereditary as by the sure judgment of God which was made manifest by the victory on the field of Bosworth."

Rome sanctioned Henry's claim and issued a Bull threatening with excommunication any who might attempt "to dethrone him or his successors."

Meanwhile Elizabeth waited, but Henry made no move towards marrying her, and presently there came a dreadful rumour that he intended rather to wed Lady Maud Herbert, a childhood's sweetheart. This stirred the nation, and so effective was the action taken that the marriage between Henry and Elizabeth was hurried through on one of a dozen blank dispensations which the Pope's Legate had power to grant to any twelve people, being ratified by a special Bull later.

Elizabeth did not forget her sisters now that she herself had reached safety, but saw to it that they were as suitably married as possible, and did her best to finance them from her slender income. She allowed the

husbands an annual amount for their wives' "dyet," and in addition saw to it that her sisters received spending money. One at least received a regular yearly allowance of £6 13*s.* 4*d.* from the Queen, and Briget, the youngest Princess, who had taken the veil, was allowed £13 6*s.* 8*d.* annually for her support.

Her own income was paid to her out of the profits "of the farms of the towns of Bristoll and Bedford."

Secure on his throne Henry VII drew up strict regulations for the ordering of his household, laid down the lines of duty of everyone connected with the Court, and decreed the correct etiquette in matters of precedence, the burial of a peer, the giving of New Year gifts, and the making of royal beds.

"Item. . . . As for the making of the King's bed, first a Yeoman or Groom of the Wardrobe must bring in the stuff and the curtains of the bed must be drawn together . . . then two Esquires of the Body must stand at the Bed-head and two Yeomen of the Guard at the Bed's feet . . . The feather bed must be well beaten to make it even and smooth. It is the duty of the Esquires of the Body to put the covers on the bed, without any wrinkles, and also to tuck

these under the feather-bed both at the sides and the feet." Equally careful details were given as to the correct method of laying the sheets and as to the status of those responsible for the beating of the pillows.

When all was "well accomplished," Holy Water was to be sprinkled on the bed, after which all were "to go without and to partake them of bread and ale and wine and so to drink together."

As to the Queen's bed, "which is to be made by Ladies as the King's by gentlemen," there was to be provided "two paire of sheets of reines, either of them fower breathes and five yards longe, twoe long pillows and two square of fustion stuffed with fine downe, and for belowe two paire of panes and a pane of scarlett furred with ermine and bordered with velvet or cloth of gold, with a head-sheet of like cloth." She was also to have a feather-bed with a bolster of fine down and a mattress filled with wool, and "a round mantle of crimson velvet fringed with ermine for the Queen to wear about her in her pallet and other things needfull."

The great cradle of state was to be five feet six inches long and two feet wide, while two large pewter basins were to be provided "for the launder in the nursery."

When Elizabeth "passed to her chamber"

she came under the control of her husband's mother, from whom Henry must have inherited his love of detail, for she drew up a manual of etiquette for the occasion.

Should the unborn child prove to be a prince, an earl was to carry the train of its christening robe; if a princess, a countess. In any event it was to have "two swaddling bands," one of blue velvet and one of cloth of gold!

Elizabeth's child was a prince. She founded a Lady Chapel at Winchester in gratitude for the birth of this son and christened him Arthur.

A wave of popularity swept her to her coronation, so the blue-eyed, golden-haired Princess of many tribulations passed to her crowning while the people shouted:

> "God save King Henrie whereso'er he be,
> And for Queen Elizabeth, so pray we!" [1]

[1] For the story of Elizabeth as Queen see *Her Majesty: The Romance of the Queens of England*, by E. Thornton Cook.

CHAPTER II

"ENGLAND'S ELIZABETH"

1533–1603

ELIZABETH TUDOR

Born . . .	September 7, 1533
Ascended . .	November 17, 1558
Died . . .	March 24, 1603

Descent

Elizabeth of York *m.* Henry VII

|

Henry VIII (and others)
m. Anne Boleyn (and others)

|

Elizabeth

CHAPTER II

"ENGLAND'S ELIZABETH"

"Upon the 7th day of September, being Sunday, betwixt the hours of three and foure in the Afternoone, Queen Anne (lying upon a magnificent state bed that had been part of the ransom price of a French prince) was delyver'd of a fayre daughter at Greenwich, who, to the great unspeakable joy of princes and people was christened on the third day following, being Wednesday, the Mayor of London and his brethern to more than forty of the greatest citizens being commanded to attend upon the solemnities."

So ran the official announcement, but all was not as serene as the notice might lead one to suppose, for Henry VIII had made so sure that the expected child would prove to be the much-desired heir that documents had been prepared announcing the advent of a prince, and now an extra "ss" had to be inserted to show that Dame Nature had erred and the "Prince of Wales" had failed to arrive.

The Spanish ambassador knew the truth

and wrote of the birth of this daughter as "of great disappointment to the King . . . and a shame and confusion to the astrologers, wizards and witches, all of whom had foretold the arrival of a lusty son."

Still the christening had to take place, so the Mayor and his aldermen, all in scarlet, went in their barges to Greenwich, "where many ladies and knights were assembled and the way to Grey Friars Church was strewn with rushes."

The "old" Duchess of Norfolk bore the baby wrapped in a mantle of purple velvet, the Countess of Kent carried the train of her christening robe, and four earls supported the crimson satin, gold-fringed canopy over her unconscious head. The silver font was raised above the floor and "around it hovered divers gentlemen with aprons and towels about their necks to see that no filth should come near."

Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, officiated, and after the ceremony the child was carried to the high altar and confirmed, and then the Garter Chief King-of-Arms cried at the church door:

"May God of His infinite goodness send prosperous life and long to the high and mighty Princess of England, Elizabeth, born of the famous and victorious prince Henry

VIII and of the most noble and virtuous lady Queen Anne, her mother."

The godfathers and godmothers now presented their gifts and the "grate companie" went in torchlight procession to the Queen's chamber.

When three months old, Elizabeth was installed in an establishment of her own at Hatfield, and among those in attendance upon her was Mary, daughter of Katharine of Aragon, seventeen years her senior, who came in bitterness of spirit, stubbornly refusing to lay aside the title which was hers by right of birth in favour of this child of Anne Boleyn who had usurped her own mother's position.

A few months later a Bill was passed which gave official recognition to the children of Henry and Anne to the exclusion of Mary.

Elizabeth's hour of triumph came when the news of the death of Katharine of Aragon reached the Court, and Henry, who had had his small daughter fetched in royal state with trumpets blowing before her, carried her in his arms from courtier to courtier, proudly showing off "as goodly a child as hath been seen."

Before Elizabeth had celebrated her second birthday matrimonial negotiations had been begun, the projected bridegroom

being the Duke of Angoulême, third son of Francis I. But much to Henry's wrath, France did not embrace the idea with enthusiasm and flatly declined to send the young Duke to England for upbringing, making it evident that to her mind he would then be in the position of a hostage. Worse still, the ambassador raised a query as to Elizabeth's status—for had not Henry been excommunicated and his marriage with Anne declared irregular? The point must be settled before the royal house of France would deign to accept this daughter of England as a bride, and in addition she must bring with her a noble wedding portion, no less than a bill of acquittal for all the pensions (with arrears) owed by France to England.

There was no bridging such a gulf and negotiations were suspended.

A few months after Elizabeth's triumphant hour at Court, Anne Boleyn "was freed by death from a bloody marriage" and her child was banished from the King's sight, being handed over for upbringing to the care of Lady Bryan, a relative on the maternal side.

From having been heir presumptive to the throne the "Lady Elizabeth's Grace"

now became of such scant importance that Lady Bryan was hard put to it to obtain even dire necessities for her self-willed little charge, who she explained "was too young to correct greatly at present but should be made better behaved when her teeth were well graft."

She was evidently as good as her word, for before Elizabeth was six she had been taught to sew and had made a tiny shirt for the half-brother who had come to share her nursery.

Yet earlier she was being trained to write meek letters to her fast-succeeding stepmothers: one to Jane Seymour ended "your very humble servant and daughter, Elizabeth," another to Anne of Cleves:

"MADAME,

"I am struggling between two contending wishes, one an impatient desire to see your majesty, the other that of awaiting permission from the King. . . . In the meantime I intreat your majesty to permit me to show, by this little billet, the zeal with which I devote my respect to you as my queen, and my entire obedience to you as to my mother." . . . With a touch of unconscious foresight this precocious little maid ended her letter by "felicitating you with all my heart on this the commencement of your marriage."

Anne of Cleves[1] passed out of the limelight with dramatic swiftness and gave place to Katharine Howard, whose fate must have made Elizabeth ponder the tragic end of her own mother (whose death she had been too young to realise at the time of its occurrence), and then came Katharine Parr.

At ten years of age Elizabeth was writing to thank this her fourth stepmother for having influenced the King to summon her to Court:

"I see well that it is only the greatness of soul in your majesty which makes you do me this honour," she wrote tactfully, "and this redoubles my zeal towards your majesty. . . . I will make it my constant care that I do nothing but with a design to show always my obedience and respect. I await with much impatience the orders of the King my father for the accomplishment of the happiness for which I sigh.

"I remain with much submission, your majesty's very dear Elizabeth."

In the intervals of letter-writing Elizabeth shared lessons with her half-brother, Edward.

"The first hours of the day opened in prayer and other religious exercises. They

[1] For her story see *Her Majesty: The Romance of the Queens of England*, by E. Thornton Cook.

then read some history in the old testament or else attended to the exposition of some text or other in the New Testament, and for the rest of the forenoone, breakfast-time excepted, they were doctrinated and instructed, either in languages or some of the liberal sciences, or given moral learning collected out of such authorities as did best conduce to the instruction of princes."

When Edward went away "for manly exercises," Elizabeth "took her lute or viol and when wearied with these practised her needle."

By thirteen she had developed into "a very wittye and gentyll yonge Ladye." Her Italian master said that she had two qualities that were "incomparable" when found in one woman— "a singular wit and a marvellously meek stomach."

Elizabeth's visit to Court was not of long duration. She soon fell into disgrace and was banished once more, though she was not so completely out of favour as to be ignored in the will Henry made before he went to France. Each daughter was left with a marriage portion of £10,000, provided that "in marriage, as in other lawful things," the advice of the Council was accepted, otherwise the sum was "to be diminished."

Three thousand pounds was ear-marked "to keep them until marriage."

Henry's death had its immediate effect upon Elizabeth's life, for when Edward ascended the throne he was removed to another plane and the childish companionship could no longer be countenanced. But, as her name had been put back into the succession, although after Mary's, Elizabeth took on a renewed importance.

Realising this, Sir Thomas Seymour, Lord Admiral, brother of Protector Somerset, made a move to marry her, despite his forty years to her fourteen, but this proving impossible of achievement, he married instead the Queen Dowager, with whom Elizabeth was living, and presently Katharine found it necessary to send the girl away.

"Although I could not be plentiful in giving thanks for the manifold kindnesses received at your highness' hand at my departure," wrote Elizabeth upon her arrival at Cheshunt, "yet . . . I was truly replete with sorrow to depart from your highness especially leaving you in doubtful health, and, albeit I answered little, I weighed it more deeply when you said that you would warn me of all evils that you hear of me, for if your Grace had not a good opinion

of me you would not have offered friendship to me in that way, for all men judge the contrary. But what may I more say than thank God for providing such friends to me, desiring God to enrich me with their long life, and me, grace to be in heart no less thankful to receive it than I am now glad in writing to show it, and although I have plenty of matter here I will stop, for I know you are not quiet to read.

"Your Highness' humble daughter, Elizabeth."

But Queen Katharine Parr died and trouble engulfed Elizabeth. Sir Thomas Seymour was arrested, one of the charges against him being "that he did secretly and by crafty means seek to achieve the purpose of marrying the Lady Elizabeth's Grace to the danger of the King's person."

Other arrests followed, and among the victims were Kate Ashley, Elizabeth's governess, and Parry, her "cofferer" or treasurer. For a moment Elizabeth lost her head.

"Have they confessed anything?" she asked like a terrified child when news was brought to her that the two had been interrogated at the Tower.

This was seized upon as a tacit admission of guilt by Sir Robert Tyrwhitt, who now had charge of her, but she would admit

nothing until her guardians brought her a paper proving that those in whom she had trusted had weakened.

Elizabeth showed herself "marvellously abashed" as she read what Kate Ashley and Parry had signed, and scrutinised the signatures to see if they were genuine. Here was the story of her careless rompings with the Lord Admiral written down for all men to read. It told how he had treated her familiarly, with scant respect, and that she had failed to keep him in his place; in hard black and white it averred that he had often come to her early in the morning, sometimes bare-footed, and had pulled back the curtain of her bed trying to kiss her.

But even in her dismay Elizabeth kept her courage and her loyalty; the whole world must know that she had been sent away in disgrace, but that was the worst that had befallen her. And she must save her people if she could.

Realising that her enemies were determined to extort a "confession" and that it was useless to give a stubborn refusal, Elizabeth wrote to Protector Somerset with an odd mixture of astuteness and childishness, and succeeded, at least, in convincing the lords of the Council that she had been left in unwise hands.

"THE CONFESSION OF THE LADY ELIZABETH'S GRACE.

"1. Kate Ashlye told me after my Lord Admiral was married to the Queen that if my lord might have had his own way he would have had me afore the Queen. Then I asked her how she knew. Then she said she knew it well enough by herself and others. The place where she said this I have forgotten, for she spoke to me of him many times. . . .

"2. Another time after the Queen was dead Kate Ashlye would have had me to have written a letter to my Lord Admiral to have comforted him of his sorrow because he had been my friend in the Queen's time, for he would have had great kindness thereto. Then I said I would not do it for it needs not. Then she said if your grace will not will I. . . .

"3. Another time I asked her what news there was from London and she said that the voices went that my Lord Admiral should marry me. Then I smiled and said it was but London news.

"4. Another time she said, you shall see shortly that he who would fain have had you before he married the Queen will now come and woo you. Then I answered that although himself, peradventure, would have me, yet I thought the Council would not consent to it.

"5. Another time she told me that if

the Council did consent thereto she thought it not amiss. . . . Howbeit another time she said that she would not wish that I be his. . . ."

As for Parry, he had asked her whether she would marry the Lord Admiral provided the Council gave consent, and Elizabeth averred that she had told him such questioning was "just foolish getherynge . . ." though she had listened when the cofferer told her that the Lord Admiral wished she had been at Ashridge, because then when he came into the country she would have been in his way and he could see her. . . .

"My Lords, these are the articles which I do remember both she and the cofferer talked with me of," wrote the troubled child, "and if there be any more behind, which I have not declared as yet, I shall most heartily desire your lordship and the rest of the Council not to think that I have willingly concealed them, but that I have forgotten them. . . . Also I assure your lordship that if there be of any more which I have not told (which I think there are not) I will send you word of them as they come into my mind. Your assured friend to my little power, "ELIZABETH."

Having obtained so much the Protector hoped for more, and pressed the young

Princess hard, but she retaliated by carrying the war into the enemy's camp and demanding that all the false tales and current scandal about her should be officially denied, "since it was not good that one of the King's sisters should have lies told about her."

As for her governess, Kate Ashley (vowed Elizabeth) had always told her that she must never marry without the consent of King, Protector, and Council, and she ought to be set free from the Tower forthwith, "because she hath taken great labour and pains in bringing me up in learning and honesty." Besides, argued the young Princess, while one she loved so well "lay in such a place" it would look to the public as if she, Elizabeth, must be guilty and was being spared similar punishment on account of her youth.

But the Council decided that Kate Ashley was unsuited to the post of duenna and gave Elizabeth into the unwilling hands of Lady Tyrwhitt, who, oddly enough, was the daughter of Katharine Parr's first husband.

Sir Thomas Seymour went to the scaffold, his brother, the Lord Protector, signing his death warrant.

The strain of the fight, with its tragic sequel, told upon Elizabeth, who was seriously ill for some time. Upon her

recovery she flung herself into study with such energy that her tutor, Roger Ascham, was able to hold her up as an example :

" It is to your shame (I speak to you all you young gentlemen of England) that one mayd should go beyond you all in excellencie and learning," he wrote, referring to Elizabeth.

" She readeth now more Greek every day than some Prebendaries of this church doth read of Latin in a whole year."

In lighter moments Elizabeth wrote to her brother in appropriate strain :

" I cannot express, O King most serene, with how great joy I am affected as often as I hear that your majesty is in sound health." . . .

And again :

" O most illustrious King, because you have received in so long an interval so few letters from me in which I have returned thanks for favours, or at least testified my due respect to you, I hope for this I shall readily obtain pardon. . . . May the great and good God increase your majesty more and more daily, in virtue, learning and honour.

" Your majesty's most lowly servant and sister,

ELIZABETH."

While the young Princess regained her

strength and character Somerset fell from power. Northumberland usurped his place at Edward's side, and planned to place his own son, Lord Guilford Dudley, on the throne through his marriage with Lady Jane Grey. To make matters easier he schemed to rid himself of Elizabeth by marrying her out of the country, but before his plans matured in this direction Edward VI died, and in dying yielded to Northumberland, and bequeathed his crown to Lady Jane.[1]

Mary and Elizabeth in their separate establishments heard the staggering news of Jane's proclamation, but nine days later, her brief reign over, the half-sisters entered London amid the shouts of the people.

Mary rode to her crowning, but the citizens turned quickly from the Queen to cheer the younger Princess as she drove " in a chariot drawn by six horses draped in cloth of silver," and almost at once Elizabeth became the pivot of a series of conspiracies.

With a section of the populace, at least, Mary's projected marriage with Philip of Spain was most unpopular, so some schemed that Lady Jane Grey should be restored to the throne, and others strove to marry

[1] See *Her Majesty: The Romance of the Queens of England* by E. Thornton Cook.

Elizabeth to Edward Courtenay Earl of Devon, and place the two on the throne.

Relations between the half-sisters became strained almost at once. Mary could not conceal her lack of faith in the daughter of Anne Boleyn, and soon both the French ambassador, Antoine de Noailles, and the Spanish, Simon Renard, were writing to their respective masters on the religious question that became acute when Mary began to press Elizabeth. Each watched the girl's struggles from different standpoints and neither believed in her "conversion," asserting that her attendance at Mass was a mere expedient to save herself from the Tower and that her convictions were unchanged.

Mary's next move was to repeal the Acts of Parliament which concerned her mother's divorce, thus putting Elizabeth in an equivocal position: the Princess's bitterness increased when she found herself expected to yield precedence to the Countess of Lennox.

She petitioned to be allowed to leave Court, but Mary, judging it wise to keep her recalcitrant junior close at hand, refused. In the end, however, Elizabeth had her way; the two parted with a display of friendliness, Mary giving Elizabeth a set of sables, and Elizabeth begging the Queen never to believe

anything against her without giving her a chance to make a personal explanation.

Elizabeth had not been long at Ashridge before Sir Thomas Wyatt's rising shook the throne. For a week Mary's crown and life were in jeopardy, and many believed that Elizabeth was involved in the conspiracy.[1]

"It is certain that the Wyatt affair was undertaken in her favour," wrote Renard, "and assuredly, now that the occasion offers, if they do not punish her and Courtenay the Queen will never be secure."

Elizabeth was summoned back to Court, but instead of coming sent word that she would return "so soon as her health permitted." Then a letter from Wyatt to Elizabeth was intercepted; Mary decided that delay was dangerous and sent Elizabeth's great-uncle, Lord William Howard, with two other councillors to fetch the difficult Princess. They were accompanied by two doctors, one of whom had known Elizabeth from childhood, and took with them Mary's own litter for the easy transportation of the invalid, in whose genuine illness many declined to believe.

The most picturesque account of the

[1] See *Her Majesty : The Romance of the Queens of England*, by E. Thornton Cook.

affair is that the councillors arrived late at night :

" There was a loud rapping at the door and the lords demanded to see the Lady Elizabeth's Grace since they had a message that would brook no delay in delivery. A lady-in-waiting prayed them to wait until morning, for modesty's sake, but they pushed in and presented themselves at Elizabeth's bedside. The princess told them ' that she was not pleased at their entrance,' but they answered that she was summoned to Westminster and the order could not be disobeyed."

Elizabeth announced herself as " very willing," but feared that her weakness was too great, adding that Mary had no more loyal subject than herself in all the kingdom. The councillors, although touched by her faint tones, told her that she must come, " dead or alive."

The doctors were called in and decreed that the Princess might make the journey without any very grave danger, since " her infirmity was hazardous but not mortall."

The party started next day and succeeded in accomplishing three out of the thirty-three miles that had to be traversed. Highgate was reached in five stages, and here Elizabeth lay for a week ; some vowing

that she had been poisoned, others that she was feigning.

While Elizabeth was journeying towards London, Lady Jane Grey was beheaded and the Earl of Devon was sent to the Tower.

De Noailles wrote that Mary "had determined to root out and ruin entirely all those who had any claim to the throne."

Crowds assembled to cheer Elizabeth when she entered London, and was carried through the streets to Whitehall, but they broke their acclamations to whisper that she went in dire jeopardy. A strong party was urging the Queen to put her to death and it was said that Mary wavered.

Party feeling ran high, and, when it was proclaimed that a mysterious Voice in the wall of a certain house would answer questions in regard to the Queen and her half-sister, thousands besieged the building. When some cried, "God save the Lady Elizabeth," the response was immediate: "So be it!" But there was silence when the cry was "God save Queen Mary," and when daring spirits asked, "What is the Mass?" the Voice answered, "Idolatry!"

For two weeks Elizabeth waited in Whitehall hourly expecting a summons from the Queen; but though Mary had ordered her sister to town, she seemed to have no wish

to see her. At length the Princess was interrogated by a group of councillors, who told her that her best course was to sue the Queen for pardon.

Elizabeth refused, answering that "pardon" was for a delinquency and that she was wholly innocent.

After discussion among themselves the councillors told her that she was to go to the Tower.

"The Tower!" For the first time this girl of twenty flinched. If she must be a prisoner, might she not be sent to any other prison than that grim fortress wherein her mother had met her death?

One more kindly than the rest bade her hold fast to her courage: "Troubles after all were only instructions to teach wisdom. Black though was the hour she must not despair of a good issue. . . . Hard things may be mollified, crooked things straightened. . . . Troy though it stood so long yielded at last!"

Next day, when the tide served, Elizabeth was summoned, but was so persistent in her pleading to be allowed to write to her sister that the Earl of Sussex assumed the responsibility of delay and undertook to see the letter delivered.

"The Tower," wrote Elizabeth, "is a place

more suited for a false traitor than a true subject like myself," and used all her gift of eloquence to persuade Mary to allow her a personal interview at which she might answer the charges brought against her.

"I have heard in my time of many cast away for want of coming to the presence of their prince," she wrote, "and have heard my Lord of Somerset to say that if his brother had been suffered to speak with him he had never suffered. . . . I pray God that evil persuasions will not persuade one sister against the other, and all for that they have heard false report and not hearkened to the truth known! . . . As for that traytor Wiat he might, peradventure, write me a letter, but, on my faith, I never received any from him."

All that her effort gained for Elizabeth was a day's delay; while writing she had missed the tide. On the morrow her obstinate waiting for an answer that never came nearly occasioned an accident, for starting late the boatmen shot the bridge against their better judgment and almost capsized.

Elizabeth landed at Traitor's Gate, vowing that "never had truer subject mounted the stairs since Julius Cæsar laid the first foundations of the Tower.

"God knows, not I, where you intend to

lead me," she said sombrely when, wet through with drizzling rain, they persuaded her to enter, then found herself locked and bolted into "her lodgings."

There followed a month's strict confinement, when the rules were so rigid that application had to be made to the Council before she was permitted to open her casement window, and ever at Mary's ear were men who urged that there would be no safety for her, nor security for the true faith, while Elizabeth lived.

There were many who believed that Elizabeth would never leave the Tower alive even if she were not brought to trial, and her anxious attendants in their dread of poison refused to let any strangers come near their mistress's "diet," preferring to prepare everything among themselves and apart from other foods.

Time and again Elizabeth was interrogated, but held to it that she knew nothing of the treason with which she was charged.

"My lords," she said after a difficult hour, "you did sift me very narrowly, but well I am assured that you shall do no more to me than God hath appointed—and so God forgive you all!"

Then Mary fell ill, and those who were against Elizabeth, and what she repre-

sented, waxed desperate. Presently it was rumoured that a warrant had arrived for her execution. There was excitement in the Tower, and those around Elizabeth wore anxious faces while a messenger went riding straight to the Queen. The Lieutenant had seen that the warrant lacked Mary's personal signature and refused to act on a lesser authority. Mary's reply was to send Sir Henry Bedingfeld to take charge of her sister.

When her new guardian appeared Elizabeth asked fearfully whether the scaffolding that had been used for Lady Jane Grey was still in position.

But this Tudor Princess was not destined for the block.

" On Saturdaye at one of the cloke at afternoone the Lady Elizabeth was delyv'd out of the Tower and went to Richmond on her way to Woodstock."

Elizabeth herself had little faith that the journey was not another step on the road to death, and when some of her servants left her *en route* she asked their prayers.

" God forbid that any such wickedness should be intended against your Grace," said a gentleman usher, realising her state of anxiety, and added that he and his companions would die in her defence.

Some consolation, too, was afforded by

the behaviour of the general populace, for all along the way people crowded to get near, though Sir Henry drove them back without remorse, "making their pates ring," and complaining that they "grated his ears with their clamorous outcries." At Windsor the reception was almost royal.

Elizabeth settled down unwillingly at Woodstock, finding it but another prison. Bedingfeld had no easy task, for the Princess made persistent demands and he could accord little without reference to the Lords of the Council.

She asked for books and he gave her what he dared, but when she demanded an English Bible he thought it sheer heresy and placed the responsibility of a decision upon other shoulders. No sooner was this request granted, and he hoped for peace, before his charge developed "most importunate" demands to be allowed to write personally to the Queen.

At last the point was yielded, but Elizabeth did not make a success of the venture. Mary replied through Sir Henry, bidding him tell the difficult Princess that she "would not be molested any more by her colourable epistles." It was soon proved that the only method of control was to deprive her of pens and ink!

To make matters yet worse Elizabeth fell ill, and vowed the doctors did not understand her case when they decided that "the distemperance of the weather" made it unwise for them to administer the purgations she demanded. "Her Grace," they said, "must have patience until the time of the year be meeter for medicines." Elizabeth decided that she was worse off than the prisoners in Newgate and Sir Henry Bedingfeld had a very bad time.

His troubles were not only the personal characteristics of his charge. In addition he had to endure financial stress, for money was hard to come by, and too often the sums he should have received for Elizabeth's support were sadly in arrear. The wages of his soldiers were left unpaid, and these then preyed on the villagers, requiring that they should provide them with "victuals," till the fleeced came moaning wrathfully to the worried Norfolk knight.

In the outer world, while one party schemed to rid the country of Elizabeth's dangerous presence by marrying her to a foreign prince, another reiterated its warnings that there would never be peace for England while Elizabeth's head remained on her shoulders.

"We have all this while been but stripping

off the leaves and now and then lopping a branch," said one bolder than the rest, "but till such time as we strike at the root of heresy nothing can of purpose be effected."

"God forbid!" said those who wished her to live.

Many months dragged themselves out before a messenger came a-riding with orders that Elizabeth was to be fetched to Hampton Court. She went eagerly, but once again found herself shut away from the Queen and interrogated by councillors, chief among whom was Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester and Lord Chancellor, but still she would admit no wrong-doing, answering that she would rather lie a prisoner all her life than pronounce herself guilty when innocent.

Here at Hampton Court she met Philip of Spain for the first time, and it was, perhaps, due to his influence that Mary at length consented to receive her half-sister, and seeing her, softened; though even yet she could not find it in her heart to trust the younger woman.

A few days later Bedingfeld was "discharged of his service," and announced the fact as "the joyfullest tidings that have ever come to my ears, as the Lord Almighty knows!"

For a space Elizabeth remained at Court, showing no sign of her inward feelings when it became certain that Mary could have no hope of a child; and Mary, feeling herself ailing and growing old, knew that her death must bring a contest for the throne. Some would claim it for Mary Stuart, some for Elizabeth; Philip, too, was ambitious.

If only she could feel that the conversion of the sister whose legitimacy she still refused to recognise was genuine, and that the religion in which she herself so devoutly believed would not be jeopardised by Elizabeth's succession!

Elizabeth was beset by theological questions from all quarters, particularly as touching the doctrine of transubstantiation, but always her adroit wits and long training in discretion saved her. One of her answers has become famous:

> "Christ was the word that spake it,
> He took the bread and brake it,
> And what his words did make it,
> That I believe and take it."

Perhaps all parties were relieved when Elizabeth was permitted to withdraw to Hatfield, where, though still under guardianship, she contrived to gather members of her old household, including Kate Ashley and Parry.

Efforts to marry her still went on, now to Philip's ten-year-old young son, Don Carlos, and then to Emmanuel Philibert. Elizabeth temporised as long as she dared, and when driven to refuse awoke such a storm of anger that she was tempted to fly the country, until forced to realise that her one chance of succeeding to the throne would be gone if she were not close at hand when Mary died—and the Queen's health was visibly failing.

"Slender and straight, well favoured but high nosed, of limbs and features neat," Elizabeth at twenty-three faced the problems before her and began to make ready for the time when she would reign.

She went to Court when summoned, kept aloof from conspiracies, worked to win the friendship of such men as William Cecil, and availed herself of the protection that Philip's realisation of her value afforded.

On a November morning, when Parliament was sitting as usual, at 8 a.m. a messenger suddenly appeared to summon the Commons to the bar of the Upper House.

The Commons, treading on each other's heels as they pressed through the lobby, guessed the news they were to hear, and listened "while with sighs and sobs" the

Lord Chancellor signified to them that "their most excellent Queen was by untimely death taken away both from religion and the Commonwealth, whereat every one of them did show such exceeding grief that it passed all consolation until the Lord Chancellor went on to show that, despite this grievous and heavy loss, there was cause to rejoice, since the Almighty God had of his mercy towards the English nation preserved the Lady Elizabeth (the other daughter of Henry VIII) alive, and so left them a true and lawful inheritress to the crown of the realm!"

"God save Queen Elizabeth," shouted the Commons as they dried their tears. "Reign she long and reign she most happily!"

There could be no official rejoicing "because it was Friday and a Fast Day," so the people were bidden "keep themselves quiet under pain of the new Queen's displeasure, and under no pretence to break the order of the established law." Bonfires and bell-ringing were postponed until the morrow, when there was appropriate "happy acclamation of joyful happiness."

Elizabeth was now twenty-five and, "taught by experience and adversity (two most effective and powerful masters), had gathered wisdom above her age." Her plans

had long been laid and her chief ministers chosen, among them William Cecil (later Lord Burghley), "an exceeding wise man and as good as many."

Elizabeth issued a proclamation:

"That from the beginning of the XVIJ day of the Monthe of November at which tyme our said dearest sister departed from this mortall life" all citizens were "discharged of their bondes and dutyes of subjection towards our said sister and are from the same tyme bound onlie to us as their soverayn ladye the Quene."

Early in Christmas week preparations for the coronation were begun in earnest, and on New Year's Day the Litany was read in the City churches "in the English toong."

Count de Feria wrote to King Philip in alarm:

"What can be expected from a country governed by a Queen and she a young lass who although sharp is without prudence and is every day standing up against religion more openly. The kingdom is entirely in the hands of young folks, heretics and traitors, and the Queen does not favour a single man who her Majesty now in Heaven would have received. . . . Nearly every day some new cry is raised about a husband. . . . The most discreet people fear she will marry for caprice."

Later the same writer reported the current gossip that Elizabeth's reign would be short, but for himself he was not optimistic, "for this nation is very fond of novelty and she is beginning to govern in a way which gives reasonable hope of a change every hour. . . ."

Once again Elizabeth went to the Tower, but in very different circumstances. "Her Grace shot the bridge about two in the afternoon and landed at the grim old fortress amid the acclamations of her people."

On the morrow, when Elizabeth "departed from the Tower to pass through London to Westminster there to be crowned she behaved herself humbly towards God and her people, for before entering her chariot her Grace held up her hands to Heaven and said, "O Lord Almighty and ever-living God, I give thanks most heartily that thou hast been so merciful unto me as to spare me to see this joyful day, and I acknowledge that thou hast dealt as worthily and mercifully with me as thou didst with thy true and faithful servant Daniel thy prophet who thou delivered out from the denne from the crueltie of the greedie and raging lyons. To thee there shall be thanks and honour and prayse for evermore!"

Then she entered her chariot "with all her lords and ladies in crimson velvet, and trumpeters in scarlet blowing their trumpets before her" and began her progress, to be met by pageants at every corner, "for the citie had been at very grate charge to express its love and joy."

At "the Cheape" Elizabeth stopped to ask the meaning of a symbolic group, and heard that an old man with a scythe represented Time.

"Time!" said the Queen, "I praise my God, Time hath brought me hither. And the other figure?"

They told her that this was Truth the daughter of Time, and Truth stepped forward to offer an English Bible.

"I thank the City for this gift above all the rest," said Elizabeth. "It is a book which I shall often and often read over."

At Fenchurch she checked her passage to listen to a child's oration:

"Welcome, O Quene, as much as harte can thinke,
Welcome again, O Quene, as much as tong can tell.
Welcome to your tong and harte that will not shrink!
God thee preserve, we pray, and wish thee ever well."

No wonder the people "gave a great shout."

At "Gracious Street" a three-tiered stage presented itself to the Queen's gaze. On

the lowest part of the erection sat "two personages representing Henry VII and his wife Elizabeth (daughter of Edward IV), Henry sitting in a Red Rose and Elizabeth in a White, each of them royally provided and decently apparailled as pertaineth to princes."

Out from the roses sprang two branches which "gathered into one" and led up to the second stage, on which sat effigies of Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn, "with all furniture due to the state of a King and Queen." An extension of the branch led to the topmost stage, whereon a duplicate of Elizabeth herself was enthroned!

As the Queen gazed and gazed again a child recited explanatory verses to ensure that the full meaning of the pageant might be grasped:

> ". . . As every war and feud of blood did cease,
> When these two Houses were united into one,
> So now all jarrs shall stint and quietness increase,
> We trust, O noble Quene, that will be cause alone!"

On swept great Elizabeth, gorgeous in cloth of gold, her Court so sparkling with jewels "that it cleared the air though it snowed a little," and her passage "was like the passing of a brilliant sun to cheer the nation."

Royally attended by the nobility of her kingdom, she reached Westminster, "there

to be crowned to the joy of all true-hearted citizens. No other prince could have had a greater sense of love shown by subjects than she."

It was well, for Elizabeth must have required moral support on this occasion as the Archbishop of York had refused to officiate and a mere bishop had to place the crown on her head. Despite last-minute abstentions the ceremony was carried through without mishap, and when at the banquet in Westminster Hall the Champion cast down his gauntlet "and called to fight with him any that should deny the right of the Lady Elizabeth's Grace to be lawful quene of this realm," none took up the challenge.

The opening of her first Parliament, too, was fraught with anxiety, though as she rode to it the people shouted:

"God save and maintain thee!" and Elizabeth "smiled sweetly on them all."

Bad weather had delayed the ceremony for two days, and then eighteen out of the sixty-one lay peers refused to attend, and the benches were the emptier on account of many vacant bishoprics.

The question of the hour, as Elizabeth soon found, was her marriage. Almost immediately the Speaker, backed by a strong deputation, waited upon her to make

clear the urgency of the matter, though he approached it tactfully.

" It was the wish of all her subjects that Elizabeth might live forever (though they knew it impossible), therefore they urged that she should marry and bring forth children, heirs both of your majesty's virtue and empire (which God bless), thus continuing immortal."

Elizabeth answered coyly that she " had already joined herself to a husband, namely the Kingdom of England," and showed her coronation ring. As for children, they should not upbraid her for lack of them, " for every one of you, and as many as are Englishmen, are children and kinsmen of mine." Seeing that her words were not being appreciated, she added that there need be no fear but that she would have a care for the Commonwealth, though for her own sake she would be quite willing that on her tomb should be engraved, " Here lies Elizabeth which reigned virgin and died a virgin."

The deputation withdrew, but there was no respite for Elizabeth. Those who could not press the question verbally did so in writing, pointing out that " all the troubles of the past had come about from difficulties in connection with succession." They reminded her of the conflict between Stephen

and Henry, John and Arthur, Richard II and Henry IV, Edward V and Richard III. "I have heard divers men in my time tell of what mischief befel by his taking the crown upon him unheeding of his brother's children," wrote an old peer who had been unable to attend Parliament, "and they both knew it and felt the smart of it. And then came that happy marriage whereby the Houses of York and Lancaster were conjoyned, which happy journey of the two in one if it should be broken and brought to an end, one of the House of York alone and of the House of Lancaster alone is left, and there is none other alive with that just title." Children yet unborn would suffer if Elizabeth failed the nation now!

Official papers on the matter were circulated and passed from hand to hand carefully minuted.

"A Discourse on the Queen's Marriage thought out by the Lord Keeper.

"It is necessary for her to marry without longer delay of time for the causes following.

"Whereof some concern { 1, her person. 2, her realm.

"(1) She may grow too old to have children.

"(2) Her suitors. . . ." Marginal notes concerning these were appended in different writings.

Year by year, almost day by day, the number of those desiring to marry Elizabeth increased, or at least varied, but despite the efforts of wise men the deed was never accomplished.

Now Philip of Spain seemed to head the list, and now Charles of Austria, son of the Emperor Ferdinand. James Earl of Arran, who had been suggested as a husband for Elizabeth when she was nine years old, was again proposed, to be followed by Eric of Sweden, Adolph Duke of Holstein, Sir William Pickering, Henry Earl of Arundel, Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, Essex, the King of France, the Duke of Anjou and his yet younger brother, Alençon, who sighed for the Queen's Majesty for ten long years.[1]

Sometimes the nation forgot its anxiety and let the matter slide, then a move on the part of the Queen of Scots or whisper of the discovery of a plot against Elizabeth would stir the country afresh. So keen was the fear that the Queen would die of poison that every article of clothing, as well as every dish of food, was scrutinised and tested; in addition, Elizabeth was weekly dosed with "antidotes."

When she, "who had hitherto enjoyed

[1] See *Her Majesty: The Romance of the Queens of England*, by E. Thornton Cook.

health very perfectly for she never did eat meat but when her body served her," fell sick of the small-pox at Hampton Court, a panic-stricken band of councillors gathered in haste to discuss her successor. Some few were for Mary Queen of Scots, others put forward the name of Huntingdon, but the majority were in favour of placing Lady Catherine Grey on the throne.

Elizabeth took a turn for the better and Parliament, with badly shaken nerves, renewed the attack matrimonial. And now she listened—and now she defied the onslaught.

So the "spacious days" passed and Elizabethan sailors sailed the seven seas.

But the great Elizabeth was feminine. Though she kept her hand on the helm of state she thought nothing too small, as was nothing too great, for her attention.

When she realised that "a great number of payntors and printers had made divers portraits of her, none of which were like," she issued a royal proclamation by which "all manner of persons were forbidden to draw or paynt her until by some perfect pattern an example had been set that others might follow." All portraits unpleasing to Her Majesty were ordered to be burnt "and a speciall cuning payntor" was granted a monopoly!

Household economy was another subject that disturbed her. Discovering that her expenses had swollen from £3,000 to £55,000 a year, she demanded an inquiry, and waived aside all specious reasons.

"I will not suffer this dishonourable spoile and increase that noe prince ever before me did to the offence of God and the great grievance of my subjects who I understand duly complain, and not without cause, at the wastfulness within my court. My speedy order for reformation shall satisfy my loving subjects grieved, for I will end as I began, with my people's love."

There was trouble among the courtiers, but before they could prune away excesses Elizabeth fell ill; her seventy years were heavy upon her.

There were unhappy murmurings when it was known that her coronation ring had had to be cut off as it had grown too small.

"A bad omen," said one to another.

Elizabeth was "melancholy." She "fetched great sighs sitting low upon her cushions."

"In all my lifetime," said Sir Robert Carey, "I have never heard her fetch a sigh before but when the Queen of Scots was beheaded."

"The Lady Elizabeth, borne on the Eve

of the Virgin's nativity died on the Eve of the Virgin's annunciation 1603 even as she is now in Heaven with the blest virgins that had oyle in their lamps."

"BRITTAINS LACHRIMAE.

"Weep little Isle and for thy Mistris' death.
Swim in a double sea of brakish waters.
Weep little world for great Elizabeth!
Daughter of Warre, for Mars himself begate her,
She was, and is. What can there more be said?
On Earth the first—in Heaven the second Maid!"

CHAPTER III

THE LADY ELIZABETH, "FIRST DOCHTEUR OF SCOTLAND" AND "QUEEN OF HEARTS"

THE LADY ELIZABETH, "FIRST DOCHTEUR OF SCOTLAND" AND "QUEEN OF HEARTS"

Born (in Scotland) . . .	August 16, 1596
Married (London) . . .	February 14, 1613
Crowned (in Prague) . . .	November 7, 1619
Died (in England) . . .	February 13, 1662

Descent

Mary Queen of Scots *m.* Lord Darnley

|

James VI
m. Anne of Denmark

|

Elizabeth (and others)
m. Frederic V Count Palatine

|

Sophia (and others)
m. Duke Ernest Augustus

|

George I of Great Britain

CHAPTER III

THE LADY ELIZABETH, "FIRST DOCHTEUR OF SCOTLAND" AND "QUEEN OF HEARTS"

On an August morning in the sixteenth century a child was born in Falkland Castle. Her mother was Anne, a young Danish Princess who, after a romantic wooing, had been fetched across the seas to become a Queen of Scots. King James VI had gone in person to find her, after her escorting ships had been beaten back to the Norwegian coast, as he believed most firmly that a band of witches was preventing Anne's landing in his dominions.[1]

The baby was of importance since at her birth there was but one small boy in the royal nurseries, so a special convention was called at Dunfermline to consider the question of her baptism, and "the King's Majesty," acting on the advice of his counsellors, decided that the ceremony "should be made and done in the Abbey of Holyrood House on the 28th day of October next to

[1] See *Their Majesties of Scotland*, by E. Thornton Cook.

come." It was also decreed that the King and Queen were to choose the "gossips" or godparents and "other witnesses,"

There was no doubt in James's mind as to who should be the baby's godmother and a messenger was sent post-haste to England. Queen Elizabeth accepted the honour, so, on the christening day an English ambassador held the baby Princess and named her after the great Queen to whose throne James VI hoped to succeed, whereupon the Lyon-Herald proclaimed her "Lady Elizabeth, first daughter of Scotland." Few strangers were present: officially, "because it was the winter season and ill-weather"; actually, because the King was exceedingly hard-up! The baptismal expenses were defrayed by the Lords of the Bedchamber.

As it was contrary to etiquette that the royal children of Scotland should remain in their parents' hands, Elizabeth, much against Queen Anne's will, was given into the care of Lord and Lady Livingston and went to live at Linlithgow with a retinue; a "mistress-nurse" and her assistants, various "rockers" and a "keeper-of-the-coffers," whose duty it was to look after the many frocks with which Anne of Denmark delighted to provide her little daughter. Down in the Treasury accounts went such items as "six ells of

ELIZABETH (LATER QUEEN OF BOHEMIA) AS A CHILD.
After Van Dyck. From a picture in the possession of Lord North.

coloured ribbon for the sleeves of the Lady Elizabeth's night-gown and some silver fringe to put round her craig (neck)"; a brush "to stroke the hair of the King's daughter"; and two "babies" (dolls), bought for the Lady Elizabeth to play with at a direct cost of 13*s.* 4*d.* to the nation.

Princess Elizabeth was seven years old when a weary messenger came galloping (having ridden 400 miles in 60 hours) with the news that the English crown had been bequeathed to her father.

James left for the south immediately, and a month or so later the Queen followed, taking with her the two elder children, Henry and Elizabeth. The little Princess shed such bitter tears at the prospect of leaving her playmates that one or two particular favourites were commanded to go with her, but even this concession did not console Elizabeth when she found that her guardians were to be exchanged for a stranger—Lady Kildare.

"Nothing can ever make me forget those I have tenderly loved," she sobbed, and would not listen to the Queen's comforting.

"I would not that you should forget," said Anne, "but I would that you should love Lady Kildare as greatly in time."

All June was spent on the road, and the month-long journey with its novelty diverted the child's thoughts from her troubles. Sometimes she travelled with her mother and brother, at others separately, with her own cavalcade and trumpeters ; the various towns through which she passed vied with each other in their efforts to do her honour. York's citizens gave her a purse full of golden coins, Leicester, perhaps in consideration of her youth, offered the child a " sugar loaf."

Nottingham sent out a " welcoming companie " dressed as shepherds and shepherdesses driving snowy sheep, and huntsmen with tame deer, their horns tipped with gold, bearing an invitation to the Queen to visit a neighbouring nobleman, and the little Princess travelled the next stage alone. She entered Windsor happily enough sitting in a litter with Lady Kildare.

James was delighted to welcome his wife and children, showered gifts upon them and hurried on arrangements for installing Prince Henry as a Knight of the Garter. Elizabeth watched the gorgeous state banquet with wide eyes, and the French ambassador studied this granddaughter of Mary Stuart with interest, finding her " very well bred, handsome, tall for her age, of a gentle disposition and rather melancholy than gay."

It had been suggested that the seven-year-old child should follow in the footsteps of Mary Queen of Scots and go to France to marry the Dauphin, afterwards Louis XIII King James showed his little daughter the Dauphin's portrait and asked her how she would like him as a husband; Elizabeth ran off to confide to a playmate that "it was the prettiest picture she had ever seen."

Another tentative suitor was the Prince of Piedmont, but this suggestion terrified the little Princess when she discovered that it meant that she would have to be sent to Spain and brought up at the Spanish Court. Her fears were forgotten in a more present evil.

The children had been living at Oatlands, but Lady Kildare's husband was discovered to be involved in a plot to dethrone James and fell into disgrace. She became "a prey to melancholie" and it was decided that Elizabeth should be removed from her care and sent to benefit from country air.

It was bad enough to leave her father and mother, thought Elizabeth, but to be separated from her brother was sheer calamity.

"I cannot leave my Henry!" she sobbed passionately, clinging round his neck, while he did his best to comfort her by promising to come and see her often.

Presently the young Princess found herself settled at Combe Abbey, an old monastery near Coventry, under the charge of Lord and Lady Harington, kin to the Bruces and the Stewarts, and with her were the daughters of several English and Scottish noblemen so that she should not lack the companionship of children of a similar age to her own. Her "mistress-nurse" was still in attendance, and in addition she had her own doctor, tutors for dancing and languages, a music master (one John Bull who is supposed to have composed the National Anthem), two footmen, three bed-chamber women, a lady's maid, one seamstress, one laundress, several grooms of the chamber, some yeomen, and a cellarman all her own.

The King's commands were that Elizabeth was to be trained to be "truly wife." He had no wish that she should be a Greek or Latin scholar, feeling that where "higher education did good to one woman it did harm to twenty," having the effect of making them "cunning like foxes."

Lord Harington took his task seriously and no child in all England can have been happier than Elizabeth while she remained under his care.

The flower-beds beneath the Princess's

windows were kept gay with blooms, and beyond them, across a wide lawn, was a cascade. This fell into a small river or canal which widened out into a sheet of water in which was a tiny island. Elizabeth, who had a passionate love of animals, claimed the isle and the near-by meadows and woods for her very own domain, and set to work to develop what she called a "Fairy Farm," stocking it with the smallest animals procurable; cattle from Jersey, ponies from the Shetland, and delightful bantam cocks and hens. The work of the place was done by the children of a neighbouring farmer under their father's supervision, and Elizabeth was not completely happy until she had seen them all dressed as shepherds and shepherdesses of Arcadia.

The island was another never-failing source of delight, for on it Lord Harington built a thatched cottage. The little Princess and her companions decorated this with shells and moss "to make it look like a grotto." On the widow and her children who were installed there fell the duty of attending to Elizabeth's birds, for hearing that her godmother Queen Elizabeth had had an aviary, the Princess decided that she must have one too, and presently a wonderful affair was erected for her, with a gilt-wire front and

a coloured glass roof that delighted the children's hearts. As for the birds and animals that would not live in the district, Lord Harington sent for stuffed specimens and housed these in little dwellings in the woods, each house being in the style of the architecture of the country to which the inhabitant belonged, so that Elizabeth had a world in miniature all her own. She loved animals and delighted in a portrait of herself that showed her with a parrot on her shoulder, a love-bird perched on her finger, and a monkey and dog playing at her feet.

At Combe Abbey the day began with family prayers, after which the children went for a ride or to visit the "Fairy Farm," in the management of which Elizabeth took the liveliest interest; then came such lessons as were considered suitable.

Microscopes were novelties, but one was procured for Elizabeth. Telescopes were rarities, but Lord Harington considered that such an instrument was essential for the King's daughter.

The wondering children listened in amazement when he told them that comets should not be looked upon as "omens of ill-fortune," as was the current belief, but were created "for a nobler purpose than to give warning

of the death of kings." He told them, too, that the sun stood still and the earth moved. How could such a thing be, they asked him, since they could not feel its motion ?

History was a favourite lesson, for it was taught by means of packs of cards. In each pack was a map of the country concerned, and portraits of its King, Queen, and their children. Part of the game was to shuffle all the packs together and then deal them back swiftly into their correct order.

In such lessons as these, and those for languages, dancing, and music, all the children were treated alike, but twice a week Elizabeth had duties which must be performed alone, for she was the daughter of a King and might some day be a Queen.

On these days the Princess held " Drawing-rooms," which were attended by the daughters of neighbouring families of position, some of whom Elizabeth was allowed to visit during her riding and driving excursions.

On one occasion, soon after her arrival at the Abbey, Coventry entertained the King's daughter with great formality and the small Princess rode to the city in state, attended by Lord and Lady Harington and her yeomen, while the Mayor and aldermen in their best civic robes rode out to meet her.

First, Elizabeth had to listen to a sermon ; then she was escorted to the banqueting hall, where she dined in solitary grandeur. Having finished Elizabeth withdrew leaving the table to Lord Harington and other members of the company. On the child's departure the Mayor presented her with a silver-gilt cup, and all the city fathers marched with her to the gate. The little Princess must have made a good impression, for in the following year the citizens sent her " two fat oxen " as a free-will offering.

But even a " Fairy Farm," a telescope, and public receptions could not make Elizabeth forget her brother Henry, and she was never so happy as when he was in her company. In his absence she wrote to him frequently, penning her letters carefully between broad red lines :

" My dear and worthy Brother, I most kindly salute you desiring to hear of your health, from whom, though I am now removed far away, none shall ever be nearer in affection than your most loving sister,

" ELIZABETH."

A lesson Elizabeth found too difficult to learn was the management of money. She had an allowance yet was often penniless, and once it was discovered that the whole quarter's pocket-money had been dissipated

within a week of its receipt; it had gone in a wild, delightful spending on pretty trinkets to give to her companions.

Lord Harington decided that strong action was necessary, so, pretending ignorance of her predicament, he brought her fascinating curios and advised the purchase of a few in order that she might give them to some ladies who were coming to be presented to her, and at the same time showed her an appeal from a family in pitiful need. Warm-hearted Elizabeth was eager to give and anxious to help, but was driven to confess that she had no money. Further questioning of the startled children elicited the facts and the way in which Elizabeth's money had been spent.

"It is very proper to princes to give and to give much, but it must be done with discretion," observed Lord Harington.

The troubled Princess looked at the curios again and re-read the petition. Might her next quarter's allowance be advanced? she asked, seeing a sudden ray of light. Then she could follow Lord Harington's advice in regard to the new purchases and give help where it was needed.

Her ruthless guardian answered that anticipating an allowance was "a ruinous custom and one not to be encouraged."

Elizabeth was in despair and refused to be comforted even when Lord Harington promised that he would provide for the poor people, since she could not, and added that the gifts to the ladies might be left until the New Year, by which time she would have some money.

Elizabeth's companions were as unhappy as their little mistress and proposed to return the unlucky gifts she had given to them, in order that they could be offered to the strangers, but this was too much for the Princess, who cried out indignantly that she would *never* take back that which she had once given. "But, indeed," she added, bursting into tears, "such things as these would be valued only by those who love me!" Would not Lord Harington permit her to give some of her jewels? she asked with a flash of hope. This plan, too, was vetoed, but when what Elizabeth looked upon as a providential gift arrived from the Queen a few days later, she was allowed to give it to her guests. It seemed "a very long time to quarter-day," said the little companion who told the tale.

The peaceful busy life in the cloistered Abbey was rudely interrupted.

A splendid hunting party had been planned in the neighbourhood and the children were looking forward to seeing the meet, when Lord Harington, always anxious concerning his charge, had his suspicions aroused by the theft of some horses. These suspicions crystallised when the children and their attendants, on their way to visit Elizabeth's "Fairy Farm," overheard some incautious sentences spoken by strangers just outside the park wall.

"It would be an easy matter," said one of these, "for a dozen men to break in and carry off the Princess."

Lord Harington took instant alarm and, instead of joining the hunting party as had been planned, carried Elizabeth off to Coventry, where, an alarm being given, the loyal citizens seized pikes and staves and rushed to her defence.

All ignorant that plans had miscarried in London (the Gunpowder Plot), the conspirators came a-riding to find the bird flown. Their intention had been to capture Elizabeth and place her on the throne after having destroyed not only the King and his sons but Parliament as well.

Elizabeth was old enough to realise something of the horror of the "might have been" if Guy Fawkes had not been dis-

covered lurking beside his powder barrels on that Fifth of November.

"I doubt not but that you have rendered thanks to our good God for the deliverance he has given us, as I have done, and still do," she wrote to her brother. "But I wish to join my vows with yours and to say with you—If the Lord be for us, who can be against us? In his keeping I will not fear what man can do."

But the quick imagination of the overwrought child could not be stilled and she fell ill enough to alarm her guardians:

"What a Queen I should have been by these means," she would exclaim. "I had rather have been with my royal father in Parliament than wear his crown on such conditions!"

The next excitement was pleasurable, for Elizabeth was summoned to Court to meet her uncle, Christian IV, King of Denmark. With her younger brother Charles, who had been brought to England some time since, she met the King at Greenwich and escorted him to her mother the Queen, who was ill, having just lost a child.

The young Princess loved her taste of Court life and delighted in Henry's com-

panionship. Unwillingly enough she returned to Combe Abbey.

Christmas found all three children in town, and during the ensuing festivities the twelve-year-old Princess won golden opinions.

"Whatever was excellent and lofty in Queen Elizabeth is all compressed in the tender age of this virgin Princess," wrote one admiring Scot. "She has gentle manners, natural courtesy, and is of lovely beauty."

The French ambassador found her "handsome and of a noble expression of countenance," also "full of virtue and merit."

Henry and Elizabeth discussed the possibility of the French marriage with all seriousness, and Elizabeth extracted a promise that Henry would on no account accept the French Princess who had been proposed as his bride unless her marriage with the Dauphin was arranged, so that she could be Queen of France when he was King of England.

Young as was Elizabeth, she now had her own apartments near town, rooms being reserved for her at Hampton Court, Kew, and Whitehall, and she was allowed to take part occasionally in a Court ballet.

She still kept her love of animals, and in her accounts, carefully written down for

her by a companion, appeared such items as "5*s.* for herbs and cotton to make beds for her grace's monkeys," or "3*s.* 9*d.* for the shearing of the Lady Elizabeth's dog."

Henry too had his separate establishment, this being at St. James's Palace, and when Elizabeth was fourteen years old he organised a banquet to which his father was invited as chief guest, and allowed his sister to play the part of hostess.

Previous to the banquet was a tilting match whereat fifty young knights took up the challenge flung down by Henry and six companions, and Elizabeth as "Queen of Love and Beauty" distributed prizes to the victors.

Another ceremony in which she took delight was the investiture of Henry as Prince of Wales, after which the Court performed a masque in which Elizabeth appeared as "the lovely nymph of the stately Thames."

Small wonder that she had to be sent to Kew to recover from the effects of such dissipations; Henry found it hard work to console her.

"Even those who love each other best cannot be *glued* together," he wrote in reply to her imperative demands that he would come and ride with her.

Elizabeth was growing up, and the daughter of the King of Great Britain, as James called himself in a tactful effort to avoid offending either of his kingdoms by naming the other first, was of importance in the eyes of the outside world. Among those eager to secure her in marriage was Gustavus Adolphus, afterwards King of Sweden, but King James set the proposal aside, thinking Sweden a far distant country and unwilling that his daughter should marry one who was involved in war with the Queen's native land, Denmark.

Prince Henry scoffed when Ulric Duke of Brunswick showed his desire to marry Elizabeth, and neither did Otho the Hereditary Prince of Hesse find favour in English eyes. The Duke of Savoy made a move on behalf of his son Victor Amadeus, who so little expected a refusal that he made an open suggestion that he should come to England to fetch Elizabeth, but there was an outcry at the idea that a Protestant Princess should marry "a poor Popish duke."

The death of the Queen of Spain brought another suitor into the field, and three weeks after her demise an Envoy Extraordinary arrived to advance matters diplomatically, even though it was considered too soon to make a public move.

Some people, guessing the truth, raised objections on the score of the age of the proposed bridegroom, but others argued that as His Majesty had shown himself to be an affectionate husband to the late unattractive Queen, he could hardly fail to be "devoted to so charming a princess as Elizabeth."

Confident that Spain had secured the prize, Lisbon merchants began secret negotiations to ensure that the Princess should land at that port, but they reckoned without the Protestant party, which, fearing for Elizabeth's soul, set up a rival candidate in the person of Frederic V, Count Palatine of the Rhine and First Elector of the Empire. "Was he not of her own age and religion?" they asked, likewise "skilful in bodily exercises, agreeable in countenance and well trained in piety, morality, and the Latin language?"

An assembly of Protestant princes had discussed the matter in Germany, whence now came an ambassador with a formal proposal. Meanwhile Frederic was taking dancing lessons in order that he might appear to advantage at the English Court.

Queen Anne wanted a crown for her daughter, so was much against the match, but despite her opposition the marriage articles were signed, after six Germans and

nine Englishmen had scrutinised every individual clause and come to a compromise on the question of the wedding journey. James was to pay all expenses until the Rhine was crossed, when the bridegroom would become financially responsible.

Young Frederic arrived, having lost his luggage *en route*. King James received him kindly enough, but Anne with all the stiffness she could muster ; it was with relief that the shy would-be fiancé turned from her to press his lips to the hem of Elizabeth's gown. She swept him a fine curtsey and put out her hand, " so giving him fair advantage, which he took, of kissing her as she rose."

The Count Palatine was " right and well shaped for his years " besides being " of fresh complexion." His youth, good looks, and evident delight in Elizabeth's company helped him to make a good impression on the Court as a whole, although Charles hinted that he considered his sister " the better mare," and Queen Anne jeeringly called her daughter " Goody Palgrave " till the young Princess was goaded into crying that she would rather marry a Protestant count than a Catholic emperor.

Elizabeth and Henry took pleasure in showing their guest the sights of London and the three were much together. More

reconciled to the fact that she must leave her own country and go overseas than she had been when the possibility of marrying the Prince of Piedmont had frightened her in childhood, Elizabeth planned that Henry should steal away in disguise and travel in her train as far as the German frontier. Then, amid the festivities the Prince fell ill, so ill that Elizabeth lost all thought of her lover in her anxiety. They barred her from his room for fear of infection, and Henry died calling for his sister in wild delirium.

The death of the Prince of Wales brought Elizabeth a step nearer to the throne, dangerously near from Frederic's point of view, for all the world knew that Charles was delicate. To make matters worse Scotland grew restive and protested against the sending of her "first dochteur" out of the island. Let her marry the Marquis of Hamilton and return to the land of her birth!

But Frederic was at James's ear, and a day or so after Christmas the King permitted the formal betrothal to take place.

The Count Palatine was splendid in purple velvet and a cloak lined with gold, but Elizabeth could not bear to lay aside her mourning and appeared in black satin, its

gloom relieved by silver lace and a plume of white feathers in her fair hair.

Queen Anne could not attend the banquet that followed the betrothal ceremony, being "a-bed of the gout."

The following weeks proved difficult for both the young people, since the King, being unwilling to lose a daughter as well as a son, turned restive and vowed that he would only consent to the wedding if Frederic would leave Elizabeth in England at least until Whitsuntide; meanwhile there were recurring rumours that Spain was moving to prevent the marriage, and, moreover, there was a danger of a rising among malcontents in England to such a degree that extra guards had to be appointed.

With infinite difficulty Frederic succeeded in extracting a promise that the ceremony should take place on St. Valentine's Day.

"The marriage draws near and all things are ready," wrote a correspondent. "On Sunday was the last time of asking openly in the Chapel. The Queen grows every day more favourably and there is hope that she may grace it with her presence."

No royal marriage had taken place in England since that of Mary Tudor, and no King's daughter had been wedded in London

for a hundred years. As the date of the ceremony approached a round of gaieties began, to the delight of the populace. Chief in importance was a mock naval battle on the Thames, staged so that Elizabeth and Frederic could witness it from Whitehall Palace, and "never was such a fleet seen above the Bridge before."

The programme ran :

"Heaven's Blessing and Earth's Joy,

or

"A True Relation of the Supposed Sea Fight and Fire-works as were accomplished before the Royal Celebration and all Beloved Marriage of the two Peerless Paragons of Christendome, Fredericke and Elizabeth. By John Taylor the Water Poet."

The battle lasted for three hours, "to the great contentment of the beholders."

Perhaps the most exciting moment of the whole performance was a duel between St. George and the Dragon. ". . . Suddenly a fierce vision appeared, flaming—like a St. George on Horseback," then, amid a hail of fireworks, an immense dragon, "which seemed to roar like thunder," but after a terrific fight the national hero succeeded in delivering a death-stroke and "the awesome creature burst into pieces and vanished. . . .

Thus the princely recreation was accomplished and finished."

On the eve of the 14th of February a weary messenger arrived from Scotland to stipulate that at the great ceremony Elizabeth should be named as "Princess and eldest daughter of Scotland" rather than as a Princess of Great Britain, and Lyon-King-of-Arms came from the northern kingdom with new heraldic badges to see that all was carried through according to Scottish desires.

Industrious propaganda had done its work and people now knew, though perhaps somewhat vaguely, that there were two Palatines, the Higher Palatinate, beginning near Nuremberg and stretching to Bohemia, and the Lower, which lay along the Rhine from Strasburg nearly to Cologne. In fact,

"the Palatinate was not so small, unfruitful or meane as it was supposed to be by some, for its length is about 200 English miles and the Lower Palatine holds 26 walled towns besides a goodly number of fair villages and 22 houses. . . . In ordinary times 1,000 persons are fed daily (and clothed twice a year) at the Prince's charge. . . . He keepeth such state that 24 trumpets are blown at every meal. Therefore let envy, malice and ignorance cease!"

The marriage took place in the Banqueting Hall at Whitehall Palace, but the bridal procession made a detour by an outside gallery in order that the people might have a good view of the leading characters.

The Prince appeared as a glittering figure in cloth of silver heavily embroidered with gold, and wearing a plumed hat and the blue ribbon of the Garter. He was attended by sixteen peers, one for each year of his age.

Elizabeth, too, had sixteen attendants, because she was sixteen years old. Her dress was glittering silver and she wore a golden crown from which hung pendants of diamonds and pearls, their gleam veiled in the glory of her soft, fair hair.

The King was a sombre figure in black, and Queen Anne appeared with eyes still heavy from the tears she had shed for her lost son Henry.

But the people had no thoughts save for the bridal children, Elizabeth and Frederic.

"God give them joy! God give them joy!" they shouted.

After the wedding breakfast there was a classical masque, a dance (whereat the King, Queen, and Prince wore £900,000 worth of jewels between them) and another banquet. On the morrow the young couple were expected to attend a tilting match. Eliza-

beth looked on with the Queen, but the King, Frederic, and Charles took an active part.

That evening the Middle Templars came up the river by barge, prepared to give a masque that would outshine all others and designed to show "The Marriage of the Thames to the Rhine," but either because the crowds were so great that they could not gain admission to the Palace, as some said, or, as was whispered, the royal party were so exhausted by previous entertainments that the King vowed he "would go no longer without sleep," and went off to bed, the Templars had to return to their Inn without having given their masque. Royal tact assuaged their wounded feelings later.

And now, the festivities being over, a contretemps occurred. Bills had to be paid and the royal exchequer was found to be empty. The naval "battle" had cost £4,800, Elizabeth had been promised a dowry of £40,000 and the other expenses of the wedding, including payment of her "dybets," amounted to £53,000. To make matters worse Lord Harington had wellnigh ruined himself on behalf of his charge and had actually paid for a large portion of her wedding finery. Special taxes were levied

to meet the need, but their yield proved insufficient and James effected a compromise with his daughter's late guardian by granting him a monopoly to coin brass farthings.

In early April Prince Frederic persuaded James to let him depart with his bride, and the two left Whitehall to travel as far as Greenwich by water, while excited people thronged the banks and bridges to wave good-bye to their Princess. The King and Queen made part of the journey with the young people and Charles went as far as Canterbury.

Elizabeth and Frederic took ship at Margate, "a small fishing village," but the winds were so contrary that their departure was delayed until the end of the month. They landed at Flushing, where Elizabeth captivated the populace and "gave great content to all beholders" by walking down the streets to the house prepared for her reception.

The journey through Holland was a veritable triumphal progress. Middelburgh, Dort, Rotterdam, Delft, and The Hague vied with each other in offering a welcome to the pair. Here, at The Hague, they separated, Frederic hastening on to his own country to organise an official reception for his bride,

and she travelling more slowly, making her way in "a chariot drawn by four white horses" to Leyden, Haarlem, and Amsterdam, taking delight in the entertainments prepared for her by the way and the beauties of the cities. As she moved on, leaving Holland for the Free State of Utrecht and Geldersland, her train increased.

Part of the journey was made by water in order that the plague-stricken districts might be avoided.

Frederic came to welcome Elizabeth at Gaulstein and the two reached Heidelberg in June. True to tradition, the Prince carried his bride over the threshold of the Castle that was now to be her home. Next day every church in the city held a thanksgiving service for her safe arrival.

Elizabeth's first child, a boy christened Frederic Henry after her husband and best-loved brother, was born in the New Year; neither mother nor father was yet eighteen.

There were tremendous rejoicings when news of the happening reached England (where James ordered the liberation of prisoners to celebrate the event) and Scotland, where it had never been forgotten that Elizabeth was Scottish born.

"Her Grace, the Princess Palatine is

happily delivered to her husband of one man child. God send him grace!" ran the official proclamation.

Bonfires were lighted, church-bells pealed, and Edinburgh ordered "six-score, fourteen lbs. of powder to be shot in the Castle for joy at the news."

As there was a possibility that the newly born child might succeed to the throne in the dim future, Parliament passed a naturalisation bill conferring the rights of citizenship upon the little princeling, despite his foreign birth, and declared him "true and lawful successor to the crown after his mother the Princess Elizabeth." She delighted in her son and laughingly called him her "little black baby" because he was so dark in colouring.

When a second child was born, another boy (christened Charles Louis), "the streets of London shone with bonfires" and a pressing invitation arrived for Elizabeth and her children to visit England. Difficulties as to Court precedence prevented it, to Elizabeth's disappointment, as English visitors thronging to the Palatinate sent back word. They added that she was still the same "sweet, good, devout Princess she ever was." As for Frederic, he was "much beyond his years, wise, active and

vigilant." The love the two bore one another was " a joy to behold " and seemed to increase every day.

Elizabeth and Frederic were now twenty-one.

Fortune's wheel gave a sudden turn and the two young people found themselves face to face with the need for making a momentous decision.

Mathias of Hapsburg, the elected King of Bohemia and Hungary and Emperor, in an endeavour to make Bohemia an hereditary kingdom settled it on his adopted heir Ferdinand, whereupon the Bohemian Protestant party revolted. The Emperor called a conference, but died before anything was decided, and the Elector Palatine by virtue of his position became Vicar of the Empire during the interregnum. At the conference he called, the Electors chose Ferdinand as Emperor, but once again Bohemia refused to accept the decree, deposed him, and elected Frederic in his place. There was tremendous excitement in Heidelberg.

Elizabeth wrote hasty letters to her father King James and his minister Buckingham. The Protestant Princes urged acceptance. But Frederic, foreseeing the horror of civil war, hesitated.

Prayers for guidance were offered up in the churches, and Elizabeth vowed that she would sell every jewel she possessed, so great was her eagerness to accept the call to help those who in her eyes were an oppressed people.

At last Frederic agreed to travel to the border town of Waldsassen and there meet the Bohemian ambassadors.

Leaving Charles Louis with his small sister Elizabeth in the charge of their grandmother, Frederic and Elizabeth set off towards Bohemia, taking their elder son with them and 150 waggon-loads of baggage.

When the crown was tendered Frederic accepted it, saying that he believed "it proceeded from God."

"Sirs, what I have done for the honour of God and our common religion has been well intended," answered Elizabeth when the deputies came to thank her for the influence she was believed to have used to bring about the Elector's acceptance.

There followed a state entry into Prague and two separate coronations in St. Wenceslaus, one for Frederic, one for Elizabeth, with a three-days interval between them.

Frederic, now a King, stood before the Administrator while Elizabeth knelt at the altar :

"Reverend Father, I beseech thee to bestow the crown on my beloved and deserving Consort whom God hath given to be my helpmeet. . . . ."

"Vivat! Vivat, Elizabeth!" came a great shout. The Princess had become a Queen.

Trouble was not long in coming. The Catholic Electors called upon Frederic to resign the crown, and he began military preparations while Elizabeth waited in Prague for the birth of yet another child and the Bohemian women offered her gifts of swaddling clothes.

When "a goodly son" was born and christened Rupert the enthusiasm of the people knew no bounds, for no prince had been born in Prague for a hundred years. The deputies, who attended the baptism in military uniform and passed the child from hand to hand, were urgent that he should be declared heir to the Bohemian throne, to the exclusion of his elder brother Frederic Henry.

The clouds grew darker, and when word came that Ferdinand had declared Frederic traitor and rebel and the Palatinate had been invaded by the Imperial army, Elizabeth wrote urgent letters to her father, while Frederic, "cheerful of face and resolute

in heart," went to join his men. The "Thirty Years' War" had begun.

When the enemy was almost at the gate a council of war was called and Elizabeth, in the hope of saving life, was persuaded to fly while a gallant band held the bridge to cover her retreat. Her reign of a year and a day was over.

Sometimes driving, sometimes riding (when the roads were too rough for vehicles), Elizabeth travelled for a hundred and twenty miles seeking a refuge in which her child might be born. She christened him Maurice, after the Prince of Orange, for "he needs must be a warrior!"

"God knows how we shall live," wrote Elizabeth to James. "Send us succour or we shall all be ruined. I beg you to have pity! . . . Do not abandon the King in this hour of his great need. . . ." And later:

"I am not yet so out of heart (though I confess we are in evil state) but that I hope God will give us victory, for wars are not ended with one battle."

Elizabeth was a Queen without a country, but the many who loved her gave her a new title, "Queen of Hearts," and those who took service in her husband's army used to swear that they fought as much for her sake as for the Cause.

James wrote to urge that Frederic should resign all claim to the crown of Bohemia on condition that the Palatinate was restored to him, but the victorious Emperor was in no mood for compromise.

Leaving her baby, who was too young to travel, Elizabeth stole away to rejoin her husband, who had gone to ask help from the King of Denmark, and plan what they should do. When every avenue seemed closed to them—for James's fear that they would attempt to seek an asylum in England was painfully evident—the Prince of Orange offered the exiles a refuge at The Hague, and the two retravelled the route of their wedding journey when Elizabeth's way had been strewn with flowers. And at The Hague they found the same house prepared for their reception.

The two entered it "full of princely courage," and Elizabeth opened wide arms to her eldest son who had been smuggled away from Prague before she made her flight. Hope was still vigorous, and Elizabeth clung to the belief that James would finance her husband and enable him to lead an invincible army to drive out the usurper from the land of his fathers.

But time passed and no help came. Finding inaction intolerable, Frederic went off

in disguise in an attempt to reach his own people, and James, indignant that the exiled King should act on his own initiative, wrote "in sour ink" to his daughter, awaiting the birth of another child. It proved to be a girl and was christened Louise, Prince Charles of Brunswick acting as godfather. He was another of Elizabeth's devoted admirers, wore her gage in battle, took "For God and Her" as his motto, and had won the title of "The Mad Brunswicker" by reason of his dashing, reckless courage.

When Frederic returned, heralded by the bad news of the fall of Heidelberg, Elizabeth fainted at the sight of him, appalled at the change in the appearance of the boy-husband who had been crowned with her in Prague.

This fresh disaster stirred Prince Charles, who volunteered to go to his sister's help, but James clung to the belief that more could be gained by negotiation than war, and sent his son a-seeking a bride in Spain, rather than to risk his life in the Palatinate.

The Emperor summoned a Diet where, in the absence of the Protestant Princes, who refused attendance, the Imperial decree which transferred the electoral dignity from Frederic to the Duke of Bavaria was confirmed by the ecclesiastical Electors. Charles

returned without his bride and war between England and Spain seemed inevitable.

Elizabeth was urging her husband to take fresh hope when a backstair intrigue was her undoing.

James was persuaded to believe that Buckingham was working to transfer the crown to Charles, who was to be kept unmarried; and that Elizabeth was in league with the minister and had agreed to marry her son to his daughter in order that the two might inherit.

Seething with indignation, Elizabeth sent an indignant denial that James was constrained to accept, but his hardly kindled enthusiasm for her cause was chilled and he laid restraining commands on the troops that were sent to expel the Imperialists.

James died, and Elizabeth turned to Charles; but Charles found his path beset by thorns and an empty Treasury. Even Elizabeth's buoyant hopefulness failed her, and for a space she turned from her planning to find her joy in her large family of children.

One day Frederic, with the elder boy Henry, went off to Haarlem Meere and returned alone, the only one left alive in all the party of pleasure-seekers. Next day the body of his little son was recovered; the boy had become entangled in the rigging

of the overturned vessel and was frozen to death, or drowned.

While Frederic was seeking to save his reason by acting as a volunteer in the army of the Prince of Orange, having urged his wife to return to England and throw herself on her brother's mercy, since he, her husband, had "no bread with which to feed her," a twelfth child was born to Elizabeth. Her name was chosen by lot (Sophia) and kindly States accepted the honour of being her godfathers, endowing her at her christening with a pension of £46 a year. (Over eighty years later Sophia's son was to come to the throne of Great Britain as George I.)

In England, Queen Henrietta Maria was also bending over a cradle, in which lay a baby "so ugly that she was almost ashamed to own him." He and his brother, and that brother's two daughters, were to reign before George.[1]

Hope was born again in Elizabeth's heart during the succeeding two years, for Adolphus Gustavus, King of Sweden, was fighting for the liberty of Germany, and with him went Frederic, to be eagerly received as he advanced into the Palatinate. The

[1] See *Her Majesty : The Romance of the Queens of England*, by E. Thornton Cook.

Marquis of Hamilton, who with Adolphus had been a suitor for the hand of Elizabeth, also drew his sword and persuaded Charles to let him lead ten thousand men to the battle front. They defeated the Imperial forces at Leipsic, but then luck turned again. Adolphus fell at Lutzen and Frederic contracted plague and died a few months later.

Realising something of his sister's grief, Charles sent Elizabeth an invitation to come to England, bringing her family with her, but she dared not break etiquette by emerging from the strict seclusion enjoined on a royal widow, and feared, too, that if she left the Continent it would appear as if she were abandoning her son's cause. So she remained in Holland working bravely for the restoration of her eldest son, while the others one by one left her to win their spurs on the battlefield. Charles Louis was once held prisoner for six months by order of Richelieu ; Rupert fell into Austrian hands and was kept in close confinement for three long years.

Bad news came from England, too, and Elizabeth realised how dire was her brother's position when Henrietta stole from England to marry her daughter Mary to William of Orange, and pawn or sell her jewels. She sent her stalwart young sons to help their

uncle, and Charles Louis nearly broke her heart by siding with the Parliamentarians.

When things were blackest in England the Treaty of Westphalia ended the Thirty Years' War and restored a portion of the long-lost territory to the exiled family, but like a knife across the rejoicings cut the news of the execution of Charles.

Elizabeth's son went to take possession of his territory, but made it very clear that his mother would be no welcome guest in his home, and indeed it would have been difficult for her to leave Holland, for the English Parliament had suspended supplies and her creditors held her in pledge. Two of her daughters (Elizabeth and Sophia) went to join their brother because their mother was unable to provide them with food. Another (Louise) stole away to follow in the footsteps of a brother and join the Catholic Church. Maurice was at the wars and cruel rumour had it that he had been taken prisoner by the Turks and sold into slavery.

Cromwell died, and after a brief interval Charles Stuart was recalled to England. Elizabeth went with him aboard an English ship and heard English sailors cheer. She saw him sail and waited, strong in the faith that, when once her nephew was safe on the

throne, he would send for her, but though Parliament voted certain moneys for Elizabeth's benefit, Charles sent no invitation.

She told herself that the lack was caused by his inability to meet additional expense, so when the coronation was over, and a devoted friend (Lord Craven) put Drury House at her disposal, she made her farewells in Holland and wrote to Charles to announce her coming.

As she journeyed between Delft and Delfthaven a messenger arrived from England bearing a message urging her to remain in Holland. Elizabeth answered that it was too late, but she travelled by water and entered London late so that darkness should hide her lack of welcome from prying eyes.

Nearly half a century had passed since she had drifted down the river as a beloved young bride with a boy-husband at her side.

When Elizabeth's coming was an accomplished fact, Charles paid her what attention he could, but Elizabeth took up her abode at Drury House as the Earl of Craven had arranged, and after remaining there for over a year, removed to Leicester Fields.

"The Queen of Hearts" must surely have welcomed the Angel of Death when she heard the beating of his wings. She

died on February 13, 1662, "a princess of talents and virtues not often equalled and rarely surpassed," as was chronicled. "Her death was followed by a most violent tempestuous wind during which utterly divers persons were killed and much damage done, as though Heaven had designed thereby to intimate to the world that these troubles and calamities which the princess and the royal family had suffered were now blown over and like her to rest in peace. . . ."

"My royal tenant is departed," wrote the Earl of Leicester to the Earl of Northumberland. "It seems the Fates did not think it fit that I should have the honour (which indeed I never much desired) to be the landlord of a Queen."

To-day the blood of this "first dochteur of Scotland" runs in the veins of every royal family in Europe.

CHAPTER IV

"TO BE DEGRADED OF ALL PRINCELY HONOURS"

ELIZABETH STUART, "THE PEERLESS PRINCESS"

Born . . . December 28, 1635
Died . . . September 7, 1649

Descent

Mary Queen of Scots *m.* Lord Darnley
|
James I (VI of Scotland)
m. Anne of Denmark
|
Charles I (and others)
m. Henrietta Maria
|
Elizabeth (and others)

CHAPTER IV

"TO BE DEGRADED OF ALL PRINCELY HONOURS"

Elizabeth Stuart, daughter of Charles I and Henrietta Maria, was born at St. James's Palace. She came into a snow-covered world on Holy Innocents' Day, 1635, and was baptised very quietly on the following Sunday by Laud, who was then Archbishop of Canterbury. When a very few weeks old the child passed into the care of the Countess of Roxburgh, who had charge also of Elizabeth's elder sister, Mary; the little Princess had her own special train of attendants, including three "watchers" or nurses, a dresser, and several grooms.

A serious outbreak of plague occurred soon after Elizabeth's birth and the royal children were hastily removed from St. James's to Richmond to be out of danger, and by an Order in Council "vagrants, lodgers and beggars" were debarred from entering the district wherein the royal nursery had been established for fear that they might prove carriers of infection.

Princess Elizabeth was still in her babyhood, a fair little child dressed in quaint imitation of her mother, when Marie de' Medici came to visit the English Court, and, being a lover of intrigue, set about pulling strings, being desirous of marrying her small granddaughter to the Prince of Orange, but King Charles nipped the project in the bud, thinking the Hollander too unimportant to wed a daughter of his. Later, when trouble engulfed him and both England and Scotland were seething with discontent, he was glad to give, not the younger child, but her elder sister, in the hope that the marriage would win him a valuable ally.

It was only with difficulty that Charles persuaded his obstreperous Parliament to permit Henrietta to take the little bride to the Netherlands. Elizabeth was left at St. James's with her younger brother the Duke of Gloucester, and the child was never to see her mother again; for Parliament decided to hold what it could and seized the two children who were left within reach, the Prince of Wales and Duke of York being in their father's camp.

For the time being the Countess of Roxburgh was left in charge of them and the train of dressers, musicians, masters, and mistresses, but found herself hampered at

Mary. James. Charles. Elizabeth. Anne.

THE CHILDREN OF CHARLES I.

From a picture by Van Dyck in the National Portrait Gallery.

every turn by shortage of money and carping restrictions. She could not move her charges from one place to another without express permission, and was left so destitute that she was driven to make a formal remonstrance to Parliament. The Speaker made inquiries and backed her appeal by a declaration that "the poverty of the King's children was such that he felt ashamed to speak of it."

The necessity for making an allowance for the support of the little Prince and Princess was agreed, but the hard-headed Commons added a rider to their motion.

Contingent upon supplies being granted a Committee must be appointed to investigate affairs, its members "to inform themselves what papists and other persons disaffected to Parliament are attendants or servants to the children at St. James' and to report to the House which of these should, in their opinion, be removed from office." The Committee was also to inquire "as to what disaffected ministers were preaching to the children," and to appoint divines to preach in their place, and "to see defaced any superstitious relics at the Chapel of St. James'."

The body sat at once and bent its scrutiny upon the household lists. It condemned a number of persons as "unsuitable" and

resolved that "none should be permitted to continue in attendance upon his majesty's royal children except those who were willing to subscribe to the solemn National League and Covenant."

Word of Parliamentary developments reached the dismayed household at the Palace where eight-year-old Elizabeth, courageous child of courageous parents, took energetic action.

Perhaps, if the Commons were her enemies the peers would befriend her! In eager hope she wrote:

"My Lords,

"I count myself very miserable that I must have my servants taken from me and strangers put to me. You promised that you would have a care of me and I hope you will show it in preventing so great a grief to me as this would be.

"I pray you, my lords, consider of it and give me cause to thank you and to rest.

"Your loving friend,

"Elizabeth."

It was a desperate throw and those around the child must have realised it, but, unable to think of a better plan, they saw that the quaint little epistle was delivered to the Upper House.

Elizabeth had builded better than she

knew, for, when her letter was read, speaker after speaker sprang up, not so much concerned that childish shoulders were bearing an unchildlike load, and a childish heart was aching, but at the breach of privilege the pitifully mature yet childish letter had betrayed.

How was it that the Commons had taken such steps as the letter indicated without the knowledge and co-operation of the Lords ?

As the result of a hot debate it was ordered " that this letter be minuted to the House of Commons," which was desired " to let this House know if there be any such thing as is mentioned in this letter."

Never had a child of eight occasioned such a commotion among the elected of the nation !

The perturbed Commons excused their action on the ground that they were suspicious of a plot by which the children would have been spirited off to Oxford, where Charles was holding his precarious Court.

But the Lords would have none of their confrères' lame diplomacy and held to it that a breach of privilege had been committed, and that a breach of privilege should not be lightly overlooked. They, too,

appointed a committee, its terms of reference "to inquire into the disorders at St. James' where the King's children are," then sat in state to listen to that body's report. It ran:

"That by reason of the ill-servants about the place it is little better than the garrison at Oxford." There was, it seemed, "no return of monies" and "a dangerous conveying of letters." So far the Commons were justified.

A list of "those servants which should be excluded" was drawn up, but as an offset to this it was decreed that "Ann Gwin who was put out from being a rocker to the Duke of Gloucester should be restored." To sweeten this pill the Lords decided that one woman "should fill the coffers place to both children" and that a seamstress was an unnecessary luxury and her services must be dispensed with. A new governess was appointed for Elizabeth and various changes were made in connection with the children's chaplains. One who was considered dangerous was "ordered to be put out." In future the household should listen to family prayers twice a day, the gates of the Palace must be locked at sun-down, and all members of the Court were required to subscribe to an oath:

"I promise, in the presence of the Almighty God, that I will not hinder the education of any of the King's children in the true protestant religion, piety or holiness of life."

The servants were also required to swear that they would give instant warning of any plot to abduct the children, and undertake to act as informer against anyone who tried to sow seeds of disaffection in their charges' young minds.

Rumours of the changes being made at St. James's reached the anxious Queen Henrietta Maria in France,[1] where she was frantically endeavouring to sell or pawn her jewels for the benefit of the royal cause, and she sent urgent letters to Charles, who made a fresh effort to rescue his children.

The Lords returned a stiff reply to the royal letters: "They hoped they could take as good care of the souls and bodies of his majesty's children as those at Oxford could," but tactfully passed their answer down for consideration by the Commons. The Lower House gave careful consideration to the matter and finally concurred in the opinion expressed, "in another place Saturday was Seven-nights."

[1] See *Her Majesty: The Romance of the Queens of England*, by E. Thornton Cook.

When the Royalists tried to gain possession of the children by offering valuable Parliamentary officers in exchange for the little captives, the proposal was vetoed on the ground that the royal children were not prisoners and therefore were ineligible for ransom.

It was not considered necessary to provide recreation or amusement for the King's son and daughter, and the main incidents that interrupted the routine life were occasional moves from St. James's to Chelsea or Whitehall, usually dictated by an outbreak of plague in the vicinity. Lessons became the chief amusement for the little Princess, who was fortunately of a studious temperament; presently it was whispered that she was "learned," and by the time she was ten years old several erudite works had been dedicated to "the Peerless Princess Elizabeth."

Before her father's downfall it had been fashionable to write verses to her:

"ELIZABETH PRINCESSE!

"Here is the Grace of Nature's Workmanship,
Wherein herself, herself she did outstrip,
And were the Muses all in one combin'd
They could not blazon her Heroicke minde.
Reflection's Master-piece, Earth's wonderment,
Heaven's darling and Great Britain's ornament,
Elizabeth the Faire, the Rare, the Great!

In birth and blood and virtues full,
An high-priz'd Jewell, an unallued Jem replete
(Of more worth than a King's Diadem).
If Heaven be pleased such blessings to bestowe
That Grace may grow, as she in yeares does grow,
Her name and fame may curbe the power of Rome
And freely spread God's word through Christendome.
Meantime let's rest in hope through Heaven's High Hand
This princess shall add Blessing to this Land ! "

The illness of a governess brought about a sudden break in the routine. No one quite knew what to do with the nation's wards, and when the Earl and Countess of Northumberland volunteered to accept the responsibility of guardianship, the House of Lords handed them over with the proviso that they were "to be maintained in a suitable and convenient manner."

The change meant more freedom. The Earl succeeded in obtaining permission for Elizabeth to send an occasional letter, if not to her mother, at least to her elder sister Mary now the wife of the Prince of Orange, and he made bold petitions to Parliament whenever it was necessary in the interest of his charges. A chastened House even gave him permission to carry them as far afield as Hampton Court to take the air for part of the summer.

Northumberland's responsibilities were soon increased, for the Duke of York came

to join his younger brother and sister. When disaster overtook Charles the young Prince found himself stranded and penniless, so accepted an invitation sent to him by Parliament.

The reunion was a joy to Elizabeth, for the Duke brought her news of her father, but she was quick to realise (what later became apparent to the Duke) that he was a prisoner.

"If I were a boy," said Elizabeth, "I would not long wear fetters, however light they seem!"

King Charles took the same view and wrote urging the Duke of York to escape at the first opportunity, but unfortunately the epistle fell into unfriendly hands, which caused a great commotion and an increase in the number of guards. An official warning, too, was delivered to the Earl of Northumberland, who answered by protesting that it was impossible to answer for the custody of a Prince of the age and character of the young Duke.

The next news came to the children in the form of a sudden summons to awake, dress, and take to horse. One night, long after they had gone to bed, a messenger came a-riding in haste bearing an order to Northumberland to return with his charges to St. James's without an hour's delay, for

the army had seized the King and it might be that there was a conspiracy to capture the children as well. At midnight the cavalcade left Hampton Court for St. James's, although, as the Earl protested, "there was no provision of any kind for them at that place."

Charles's proximity gave him a chance which he was not slow to take. He applied for permission to see his children, and when rebuffed in one direction turned in another, till he won Sir Thomas Fairfax to his side and the General wrote to Parliament :

"Mr. Speaker,

"I was sent unto by the King on Friday last to desire the Parliament to give way to him to see his children, and that they might, for that purpose, be sent to him."

He went on to urge that the request should be granted, as he thought that "by allowing such a thing they might gain more upon his majesty than by denying it," and offered to give a personal guarantee that the children should be returned safely to the custody of Parliament if it were permitted that they should make a two-day visit to their father.

The Duke of York was at work also. He took a leaf out of his sister's book and applied direct to Parliament.

After long deliberation consent was given and there was joy among the children when the Earl of Northumberland returned with the news.

On the appointed day the whole household was astir at dawn, sharing in the eagerness of the little Princess that not a moment of the holiday should be wasted. They took the road by seven o'clock.

A rendezvous had been arranged at the Greyhound Inn, Maidenhead, from which place the combined parties could ride on together to Caversham.

The children reached the inn first and watched eagerly for Charles. When he came the little Duke of Gloucester could hardly be induced to accept him as a father, and Charles himself found it difficult to realise that the two-year-old baby he had left five years before was this sturdy boy of seven. Elizabeth, too, had changed. She had been a chubby, laughing child of seven and was now a slender, silent girl who, for all her scant twelve years, realised very clearly that she and those she loved were in the power of the people.

When General Fairfax appeared she turned unprompted to thank him for his kindness in having helped to bring about the meeting, and with an unconscious touch of royal

manner added that she hoped it would be in her power some day to return the favour he had done them. Touched by the child's speech Fairfax stooped to kiss her hand.

The two happy days passed all too swiftly, and the children found themselves back in London. They were planning another meeting and meditating as to whether a projected move to Sion House would increase or diminish the difficulties, when a nervous Parliament, fearing a plot to capture them during the drive, gave sudden orders that they should be sent into the heart of London instead. The Lord Mayor was bidden to give them shelter until such time as a strong abode could be prepared for them in the City. But before the move was accomplished a political development enabled Northumberland to carry the children off to Sion House as originally planned. As the King was now sent to Hampton Court, it was quickly realised that visits could hardly be forbidden.

The following months contained some halcyon days for Elizabeth and her brothers; they were the most care-free she had known since she came of an age to think.

During the treasured hours the little Princess learnt to know not only her father but many of the leading Parliamentarians

including Cromwell. These last christened her "Little Temperance" on account of her sweet temper and strict self-control.

Charles was as eager as his children to make the most of every opportunity, and talked to the three with an intimacy only made possible by reason of his understanding of the danger in which all stood, and their unspoken realisation of the responsibilities that rested upon them.

Again and again the King bade the Duke of York to be on the lookout for an opportunity of escape, when he was to make his way to Holland where his sister Mary could offer him a refuge until he could get into touch with his mother and elder brother.

As for Elizabeth, Charles gathered into his arms this pathetic little Princess who had known so little of courtly rank, and warned her that in no manner of event must she permit herself to be married without his, or, failing his, her brother's consent.

He told all the children to be obedient to their mother, from whom his own thoughts never swerved. Above all they must be steadfast in religion; on this ground alone they must never yield to the Queen's urging.

With the autumn came orders for the children to return to St. James's. They went, buoyed up by the hope that they would

be allowed to continue to make visits to Hampton Court at least every week or so. One such was arranged, but they had hardly returned to London before word came that the King had slipped away. Later advices told them that he had been captured. Soon, heartsick Elizabeth learnt that Charles was held as a prisoner in Carisbrooke Castle, Isle of Wight.

The elder children decided that the time for action had come and that the Duke of York must attempt to escape. But, fearing to act entirely on their own responsibility, they risked writing to the King and succeeded in dispatching the letter secretly. Despite their caution it was intercepted, with the result that Northumberland was nearly sent to the Tower and the Duke had to undergo a strict interrogation.

They waited with what patience they could muster until the alarm was over, and while waiting Elizabeth's quick wit devised a plan.

With the ostensible object of amusing the little Duke of Gloucester, she instituted a nightly game of hide-and-seek. Sometimes one was the hunted, sometimes another, but the Duke of York showed himself particularly clever in hiding. Gradually the players grew bolder and secured a wider

field of action, until they ranged over the whole Palace.

Then came a night when the Duke of Gloucester and his attendants hunted in vain—hunted until the child tired, grew petulant, and would search no longer, but still the missing brother could not be found.

Between nine and ten in the evening the Earl of Northumberland went to the Duke's room to see him safe for the night as usual, and finding him absent dispatched a messenger to summon him from Elizabeth's room. He did not come, so a second messenger was sent, and even a third, the Earl thinking that he was playing some trick to avoid going to bed. When still there was no sign of obedience alarm broke out. Hasty questions were asked. The Earl had seen the two Princes playing together a couple of hours before ; Elizabeth had spoken to her brother that evening, but not alone ; a servant admitted that he had given the Duke a garden key in order that he might hide in an outer room. Lanterns were brought, small footprints were followed to the garden ; a boat had been seen on the river ; a slim form in girl's attire had been noted. But suspicion had been aroused too late, the Duke was off and away. News

travelled back to London that he had reached Holland and safety.

But for Elizabeth there was no escape. She could only wait and treasure occasional letters from Charles :

" Deare Daughter,

" It is not want of affection that makes me write so seldome to you but want of matter such as I could wishe and I am loathe to write to those I love when I am out of humoure (as I have been these days past) lest my letters should trouble those I desyre to please. But having this opportunity I must not lose it, though at this tyme I have nothing to say but God blesse you.

" I rest your loving father,

" Charles.

" Give your brother my blessing and kiss. Commend me kindly to my Lady Northumberland."

Charles was " very melancholy " in Carisbrooke, believing that it was intended to set the Duke of Gloucester on the throne as a puppet to the exclusion of himself and his elder sons.

The next definite news to reach Elizabeth was that the King was in England and was to be brought to trial. She was old enough to realise the full significance of this move

against her father, and even the buoyancy of childhood could not give her sustained hope.

Sentence was pronounced against Charles, and two days later the children heard that they were to be permitted to see him for a last time.

They went to him on a drear January day, Elizabeth, "sorrowful and sensitive," making a brave fight for self-control; but the first sight of her father, who had grown old and grey-haired in the fifteen months' interval since she had seen him at Hampton Court, was too much for her and she broke into a passion of tears, the little Duke of Gloucester following her example.

The King drew the weeping children into caressing, comforting arms. Time was brief; they were young, but he must make them realise and remember what he had to say. He must send messages to the wife and children who were far away and strengthen the two who were with him by giving them faith and hope in the future. He told them that they must not sorrow for the death he had to die, for a life given for law and liberty was "gloriously given."

Elizabeth listened as her father held her close, his earnest voice at her ear brushing her soft fair hair aside.

"Sweetheart, you'll forget this," he said, remembering her youth.

"I shall never forget this while I live," vowed the little Princess through the tears that would flow, try she never so hard to hold them back.

Now it was the turn of the nine-year-old Duke of Gloucester, and Charles spoke gravely in the belief that the child on his knee was to be forced to be his successor.

"Listen," said the King, so that the child should understand. "Mark what I say . . . They will cut my head off and perhaps make thee a King. But you must never be a King while your brothers Charles and James are alive. . . . A crown must never be accepted unless it comes lawfully . . . if one would save one's soul. I charge you —never be made a King by them."

"I will be torn in pieces sooner," promised the little Duke gravely.

The 30th of January came and Elizabeth waited through the long hours watching for the arrival of the messenger she dreaded, hoping valiantly that at the eleventh moment of the eleventh hour some miracle would occur. Surely someone would intervene to save the King, her father! Was there no one to save him—to save them all?

Perhaps it was in this, the darkest hour of her life, that the little Princess wrote out her memory of the last interview, the interview she had vowed that she would never forget :

" What the King said to me January 29th 1648/9 being the last time I had the happiness to see him :

" He told me he was glad I had come, and although he had not time to say much, yet somehow he had to say to me what he could not to another, or leave in writing, because he feared their cruelty was such that they would not permit him to write to me. He wished me not to grieve or torment myself for him for that would be a glorious death that he should die—it being for the laws and liberties of this land and for maintaining the true and protestant religion. He bid me read Bishop Andrewes' sermons, Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity and Bishop Laud's book against Fisher which would ground me against popery.

" He told me he had forgiven all his enemies, and hoped God would forgive them also. He bid me tell my mother that his thoughts had never strayed from her, and that his love should be the same to the last. Withal he commanded me and my brother to be obedient to her and bid me send his blessing to the rest of my brothers and sisters with commendation to all his friends.

So, after he had given me his blessing I took my leave.

"Farther, he commanded us all to forgive those people, but never to trust them; for they had been most false to him and to those that gave them power—and he feared also to their own souls. And he desired me not to grieve for him, for he should die a martyr, and that he doubted not but the Lord would settle his throne upon his son and that we should all be happier than we could have expected to have been if he had lived; with many other things which at present I cannot remember.

"ELIZABETH."

A messenger brought Elizabeth the books her father had left her, which showed her more plainly than anything else could have done that the end had come. She went about like a dim little ghost, refusing to wear anything but black, and the Earl and Countess of Northumberland grew anxious at her "great melancholy." The Earl was in disgrace with Parliament in that he had ventured to protest against the King's execution, and in retaliation the House cut off supplies and Northumberland found himself in difficulties, since even the amount that had been agreed upon for the support of the royal children was in arrear. It was in vain that he protested his inability to go

on paying their expenses, "or even those of his own family," if the payments were not made.

Elizabeth gathered some knowledge of her host's predicament and wrote to the House of Lords asking to be permitted to join her sister in Holland, but her request "passed with a negative" by a majority of five.

It was a relief to everyone when the Countess of Leicester came forward with an offer to take charge of the royal children. They were handed over to her with the proviso that they were "to be degraded of all princely honours" and treated as members of her own family.

The Countess carried her charges to Penshurst Place in Kent, but suspicious Members of Parliament dispatched Lenthall to see how instructions were being obeyed. He found, as he had expected, that the children were still "royal," nor would the Countess be constrained, persisting that "it was meet differences should be made between the children of a king and those of an earl."

When Lenthall bade her remember that "the wisdom of Parliament had thought fit to abolish kingship," she hid her fear behind a smile.

There was talk of removing the children and placing them in the family of a well-known Roundhead, but nothing was done. In Royalist circles it was believed that the Parliamentarians intended to apprentice Elizabeth to a button-maker and the Duke to a cobbler, or to place them in charity schools until their identity was lost and they could be forcibly married as Bessy and Harry Stuart.

Queen Henrietta Maria, for all her frantic efforts, could do nothing.

News of the landing of Charles II fell like a bombshell on Penshurst, and closely following it came orders that the Countess of Leicester was to resign her charges into other hands. They were to go to Carisbrooke Castle, in the Isle of Wight, where their father had been held as a prisoner.

The Duke was now "Mr. Harry," but even the least sensitive could not deprive Elizabeth of all rank. If no longer "Princess" she was at least "Lady Elizabeth."

Barely a week after reaching Carisbrooke the children were caught in a heavy shower while playing at bowls and a few days later the young Princess was too ill to get up. Then one morning, when an attendant

entered her room, she was found lying with her cheek pressed against a little brown Bible in a sleep from which there was no awakening.

In three months' time this Elizabeth would have celebrated her fifteenth birthday.

CHAPTER V

"KISS AND BE FRIENDS!"

ELIZABETH, PRINCESS OF ENGLAND, LAND GRAVINE OF HESSE-HOMBURG

Born (London) . . .	May 22, 1770
Married (London) . . .	April 7, 1818
Died (Germany) . . .	January 10, 1840

Descent

James I (VI of Scotland) *m.* Anne of Denmark

|

Elizabeth (and others)
m. Frederic V Prince Palatine and became Queen of Bohemia

|

Sophia (and others)
m. Ernest Augustus and became Electress of Hanover

|

George I (and others)
m. Sophia Dorothea of Celle

|

George II (and another)
m. Caroline of Anspach

|

George III (grandson of George II)
m. Charlotte of Mecklenburgh-Strelitz

|

Elizabeth (and others)
m. Frederick Joseph and became Landgravine of Hesse-Homburg

No children

CHAPTER V

"KISS AND BE FRIENDS!"

ELIZABETH, daughter of George III and "Good Queen Charlotte," was the third in a sextet of sisters, and when the royal nurseries were full she had nine brothers. The little Princess was probably christened after a sister of her father who slipped out of life without leaving any record except that she once acted in a play with her brother!

King George liked all his offspring to walk with him "in gay and pleasing procession" upon the wide terraces at Windsor, and Queen Charlotte took pleasure in dressing her daughters in white muslin, with "white chip hats trimmed with feathers," and taking them a-visiting in groups of not less than three, so in most of the memoirs of the time "all the sweet princesses" are mentioned collectively.

Elizabeth, a May baby, was born at Buckingham House on the site of the Adelphi. She was a lovable, sweet-tempered child, somewhat delicate, and

said to "favour her father" rather than her mother. She had a hatred of quarrelling and could never be sure whether "Kiss and be friends," or "Study to be quiet—and mind your own business," was her favourite motto.

The royal family were brought up simply and Queen Charlotte kept a maternal eye on both nursery and school-room. Regular hours were enforced—"breakfast at 9.30, dinner 3–5, supper 8.30"—and for the first meal each child might have either "a bowl of milk, or one 2/3rd milk and one part tea, moderately sweetened," to be eaten with dry toast. Dinner consisted of "soup, plain meat with gravy and greens *or* fish *without* butter," with a third course of "fruit but *not* pie-crust." Twice a week dessert and coffee appeared as extras.

"Bath night," according to schedule, was "every alternate Monday."

The most momentous event in Elizabeth's childhood was catching whooping cough, and she took it so badly that the whole Court circle was alarmed for this little Princess who "was so extremely amiable" that all the world loved her. But luckily the fashionable remedies of the day, "rubbing her spine with musk" and obliging her to take "daily emeticks," proved effective, and presently

PRINCESS ELIZABETH, DAUGHTER OF GEORGE III.

From a picture at Windsor. By gracious permission of His Majesty the King.

she grew well enough to finish her convalescence by taking riding lessons.

Even when "all the sweet princesses" became old enough to be acceptable as their mother's constant companions, life was hardly more exciting than when they were in the nursery. Except for visits to Covent Garden the family group would sit round a large table night after night, each busy with work, paper and pencil, or book, the last "carefully chosen after personal perusal by the queen." (At twenty-six Elizabeth had never read a book which had not been selected for her by her mother.) Sometimes Charlotte would read aloud to her family as they worked, carefully emphasising "any sentence that might contain a lesson for her royal daughters." Sometimes "all the sweet princesses" would be encouraged to sing part-songs, having been duly drilled by a music master who possessed such a huge nose that his pupils had to be warned not to laugh at him on his first appearance.

One wonders of what the six Princesses thought as they sat hour after hour around the large table. Elizabeth at least dreamed dreams. She thought marriage the happiest fate that could befall any girl, whatever her station, and intended to marry "as soon as she had an opportunity to do so."

Once an engagement was arranged for her with Louis Philippe, but he jilted her for the daughter of the King of Naples. Elizabeth, seeking for new interests, established a fund "for giving wedding portions to virtuous girls," copied the drawings from Æsop's Fables, and painted sprays of flowers on such yards of white velvet that she soon had sufficient to cover "all the furniture for a drawing room." She was allowed to arrange a cottage at Windsor after her own ideas and delighted in giving family birthday parties in it. Incidentally she developed a passion for collecting such familiar things as jugs and teapots, and was much delighted when the owner of a better collection than her own asked leave to present her with a few pieces, which she was permitted to accept. Later a few more "finds" were added by the "fellow-collector," and then suddenly the innocent Elizabeth was made to realise that, too often, princes are expected to make great returns for small favours.

A lucrative post fell vacant and the collector of antiquities made haste to claim her influence.

"Well, your china merchant must be paid for his mugs, I suppose," said George III when his startled daughter carried the story

to him, "but let me tell you, he asks an unconscionable price!"

When Elizabeth was eighteen the first heavy trouble fell upon the family, for the overstrained King had a mental breakdown and the Prince of Wales began his long struggle for control. A public thanksgiving at St. Paul's celebrated his recovery after some nightmare months, and the royal family travelled down to Weymouth seeking change of air and sunshine. The town went wild with enthusiasm, and the very bathing women girdled themselves with waistbands emblazoned with the motto "God Save the King," while musicians ensconced in a near-by bathing-machine played the National Anthem as the King took his morning dip.

The family was smaller now, for the Prince of Wales, unwillingly enough, had married Caroline of Brunswick, the Princess Royal was sent to a husband in Wurtemberg, and two brothers had joined the British forces in the Netherlands and were fighting the French. The anxious family at home "made it a rule never to talk about the danger they were in."

If the royal family hated the war, so did the people. Turbulent spirits surrounded the King as he went to open Parliament

and someone sent a bullet through his coach. But George would not show the white feather and carried the day's programme through without faltering, even to attending the theatre that night surrounded by his family. All went, believing they were carrying their lives in their hands : " I trust in God never to be in such agonies again ! " said Elizabeth—but never a Princess blanched as she took her seat in the royal box. The King ? He " took his nap as usual."

As an anodyne to such anxieties Princess Elizabeth sought relief in the world of art and issued a series of engravings from her own designs under the title of " Cupid turned Volunteer." They appeared as " By an illustrious Personage " and were published at a guinea to be hailed as " sweetly pretty." A year or so later the " Birth and Triumph of Love " followed " Cupid," and then, growing even bolder, Elizabeth published " The Power and Progress of Genius," dedicated to Queen Charlotte. When Madame D'Arblay came to pay her annual visit, she and " dear sweet accomplished Elizabeth " could talk almost as fellow-artists, although the condescension of the Princess in so doing was never forgotten, and the author of *Evelina* was proud to

remember how genuinely sorry "all the sweet princesses" had been when she had withdrawn from Court circles:

"I wish you happy. . . . I wish you health," they had said again and again, and now when she came among them, still diffident and shy, they made her welcome and plied her with gentle questions as to the life she lived and the work she was doing.

She, in her turn, told them how "enchanted" she would have been to present them each with a copy of her book, "when her Majesty had looked it over of course," and Elizabeth volunteered to ask the Queen if they might accept it! The royal assent was given and for the first time in her life Elizabeth read a book that had not yet received august approval. Indeed, she was called upon to give advice as to how her mother should read it—whether "at once, or comfortably at Weymouth."

"So," said the Princess, relating the amazing story to Madame D'Arblay, "I answered that I thought as she would be so much interested in 'Camilla' that you would be most pleased if she read it now, at once, that nobody might be mentioning the events before she came to them, and then again at Weymouth, slowly and comfortably."

It was well that the Princesses had some pleasant subjects with which to entertain themselves, for though Queen Charlotte could keep her daughters well under control her son's wife was beyond her scope, and presently rumours of Caroline's escapades crept behind the veil which enshrouded the royal family, so shaming them that they wished "they could all withdraw from England and hide." Then, too, the King had more than one relapse, and the Queen, with fear in her heart, always required a daughter in attendance. The whole Palace shared the Queen's fear and the King's every mood was watched.

"It is not the *common* kind of complaint!" the daughters told one another pitifully enough. "We none of us dare look forward, the future is so black," wrote Elizabeth.

With high courage the royal family went through the jubilee celebrations of 1809. But the death of his best-loved daughter, Princess Amelia, in the following year sealed the catastrophe all had dreaded. The King's mind clouded again and he could no longer rule.

The Prince Regent gathered up the reins of office and offered his sisters emancipation. For the first time the Princesses found themselves in control of an independent income,

"THE SWEET PRINCESSES" (PRINCESS AUGUSTA, THE PRINCESS ROYAL, PRINCESS ELIZABETH), DAUGHTERS OF GEORGE III.

From a picture by Gainsborough at Windsor. By gracious permission of His Majesty the King.

and were even told that they might make personal choice of a lady-in-waiting. Greatly daring, Elizabeth and her elder sister took counsel, and presently the indignant Queen was told that her out-of-hand daughters intended to "visit their brother." Her dismay was so great that they weakened and added a qualifying word—"sometimes!"

Stirring events were taking place in the outer world, and the escape of Napoleon from Elba set France in a turmoil, but the secluded life led by the Princesses flowed on: they read, they painted, they knitted and bent over fancy-work, they attended their mother and wrote reports concerning the state of their father's health, till a scared messenger interrupted the family dinner one day, bringing word that Princess Charlotte had died in childbirth.

All had looked forward placidly to the time when Charlotte's son should ascend the throne, succeeding her father and grandfather, and now there were no heirs save elderly men; George III's fine young family had grown old.

There was no time to be lost and the royal Dukes shouldered the burden their niece's death had laid upon them, realising that they must marry, and marry immediately,

whatever their own feelings might be. And in the general marrying that took place Elizabeth shared.

When, after the defeat of Napoleon on the field of Waterloo, the Allied sovereigns had visited London, Frederick Joseph of Hesse-Homburg, a German princeling, had come among them, and he and Elizabeth had met. Now steps were taken, though no one quite knew at whose instigation.

In Germany it was believed that Elizabeth, or her brother acting on her behalf, had taken the initiative, she having lost her heart to Frederick Joseph, who was the eldest of six brothers, all of whom had been decorated for valour on Continental battle-fields. But England was very sure that Frederick Joseph had been nursing the project of securing an English Princess ever since his visit, and deemed him hardly a good enough match for Elizabeth, though the celebration of her forty-eighth birthday was drawing near.

The territory over which Frederick Joseph would reign as Landgrave after the death of his father was some fifty miles square and had a population of about twenty thousand. Homburg, where Elizabeth would live, was just beginning to be known as a watering-place and had three thousand inhabitants.

For the rest, Frederick Joseph was of suitable age and of good family.

He came. Elizabeth saw him through rose-coloured spectacles and blushed like a girl when he came to her side; but the Court saw no pathos in the fruition of the Princess's long-delayed romance.

The people made play on the name of Frederick Joseph's capital city and nicknamed him "Humbug." It was complained that he fell asleep and snored when he went to the play—and worst of all he smoked, not only occasionally, but "as much as five pipes a day!" True, he invariably changed all his clothing before going into the presence of ladies after indulging in such an orgy, but the habit was reprehensible.

The Prince was kept from tobacco for three complete days before his wedding and, it was whispered, "immersed several times in a warm bath"; still, no one believed that he had achieved reformation, or that he would abstain for long after the ceremony from using the noxious weed.

But if Elizabeth's family had taken no steps to give her her heart's desire until her youth was long past, the ceremony of her April wedding was arranged with all kindliness. True, the King was absent, "scathed by the hand of Heaven," and the

Prince Regent could not appear, "being a-bed of the gout," but Queen Charlotte took her seat in a chair of state near the altar, all the gold sacramental plate was brought from St. James's, and the various branches of the royal family duly ranged themselves round the salon while the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London officiated at the ceremony and the Duke of York gave his sister away.

The firing of forty-one cannon told the populace that the Princess was married.

The two went off for a honeymoon at the Regent's Cottage in Windsor, and soon word leaked out that Frederick Joseph was not finding it "as boring as he expected," for Elizabeth "let him smoke all day and lounge about in his dressing gown."

In the weeks that intervened between the marriage and the return of Frederick Joseph with his bride, excitement ran high in Hesse-Homburg, for Parliament had voted Elizabeth an income of £10,000 a year, which sounded like untold wealth to the inhabitants of the little principality, who knew Frederick Joseph's income of £300 to a penny. Could it really be that this English Princess was going to prove a universal benefactor?

Even those who had dreaded her coming

pressed forward to wave flags and saw to it that there was a fine ringing of bells.

The Princess who had been made of so little account in her youth found herself hailed as a beloved Queen.

"Thank God the sister-in-law from England has disturbed nothing," wrote one of Frederick Joseph's brothers a few months later. "She is so good! So excellent! She loves Homburg and all of us. . . . Indeed she fits into everything wonderfully and her coming is a real good fortune for the whole family."

Elizabeth, too, was writing home: "I have so very many things to be thankful for that I often fear I cannot do enough to prove my feeling towards my excellent husband."

She was happier and busier than she had been in all her life before, and not only did she find herself beloved, but rich, and considered as an intellectual. She poured out £6,000 a year on the town and Castle, and her publications found a new and admiring circle.

The simple family life was not dull in Elizabeth's eyes, and there was no hardship to her in the fact that even after her husband had come into his inheritance two of his brothers continued to occupy apartments

in the Castle, with their families. She opened her arms to their children and delighted in organising picnic excursions for them.

Her only trouble was that time flew so fast that she could never do half what she wished! Not until an outbreak of influenza carried off Frederick Joseph did Elizabeth pause to realise that over eleven full, happy, uneventful years had passed since she had come as a bride to find a niche in the hearts of her husband's people.

Her thoughts turned homeward, but Queen Charlotte had died a few months after her daughter's marriage, and George III had followed her some years later: "May God in his mercy grant that the virtues of both my excellent parents may be our safeguard and example through life," Elizabeth had written when the news of her father's death reached her, and now George IV, whom she had seen crowned in Hanover, was to follow him. Despite this she went to England a few months later to pick up old ties among her surviving kin, and found much to admire in the way William IV shouldered the burden of kingship.

But Elizabeth had no wish to live in the land of her birth again. Homburg had become "home," and she soon became

restless to return, sure that there would be much there for her to see, do, and approve. Little had changed for the Landgravine since her husband's death. She still had her rooms in the Castle; still dined on Sundays at three o'clock, instead of two as on weekdays; still followed a servant carrying a lantern to light her down the long corridors to supper at nine, and still went to bed regularly at 10 p.m. She found contentment in giving tea-drums and card parties and in spending her money on the Castle and district. In dress alone there was a definite alteration. Elizabeth now made a practice of always wearing black except when for small festivities she graduated to grey, with white " for grand occasions, such as birthdays."

" There are so many things I can do now without hearing anything unpleasant," she wrote in pleased surprise when her sixtieth birthday was past. Really youth was a very overrated blessing!

Elizabeth still took drawing lessons and " did serious reading in the mornings." She opened communal rooms where poor people could come and sit and work in warmth and comfort; she prepared a new edition of *The Progress of Genius* and published it " for charity." It sold well

and enabled her to open what she called a "repository" for poor children in Hanover (where her brother King William IV had given her a residence) as she had discovered that poor-class women had no place in which to leave their children when they went to work.

The little ones were admitted daily, from the age of twelve months to six years, the parents leaving them at the doors in the mornings and collecting them at night. Small as the children were, they were taught to be useful, and it was the Landgravine's pride that the six-year-olders could sometimes take home with them, on leaving, "three pairs of stockings of their own knitting!"

In 1834 Elizabeth had a great pleasure, for she was invited to the christening of her niece Princess Mary Adelaide Wilhelmina Elizabeth (afterwards Duchess of Teck and mother of Queen Mary) and held the child at the font: "Such a *dear* baby," said the Landgravine.

Her visits to London continued, though its dirt oppressed her:

"It is scarcely to be believed but my hands are every hour in a basin of water!"

And the luxury she saw startled her after the German manner of living:

"I give you my word there is nothing to

be had but what costs five pounds, so one's money goes in a way that astonishes me," she wrote to a friend.

The death of William IV meant the breaking of many ties, for not only did Elizabeth feel his loss, but it necessitated the withdrawal of the Duke of Cambridge from Hanover, where he had been viceroy, and the coming of the Duke of Cumberland as King, since this crown could not descend in the female line. But she found much to interest her in the accounts of the coronation of her young niece Victoria brought to her by English visitors, who now began to come to Homburg in "such numbers" that the enterprising little capital decided to rechristen its main spring after Elizabeth and publish a "visitors' list." It was found that no less than one hundred and fifty-five English people had been there during the season.

As for Frankfort, where the Landgravine spent her winters, it could boast of "two English families *each with ten children !*"

Still busy, still quietly happy, Elizabeth Princess of England and Landgravine of Hesse-Homburg slipped quietly out of life in the third year of Victoria's reign.

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